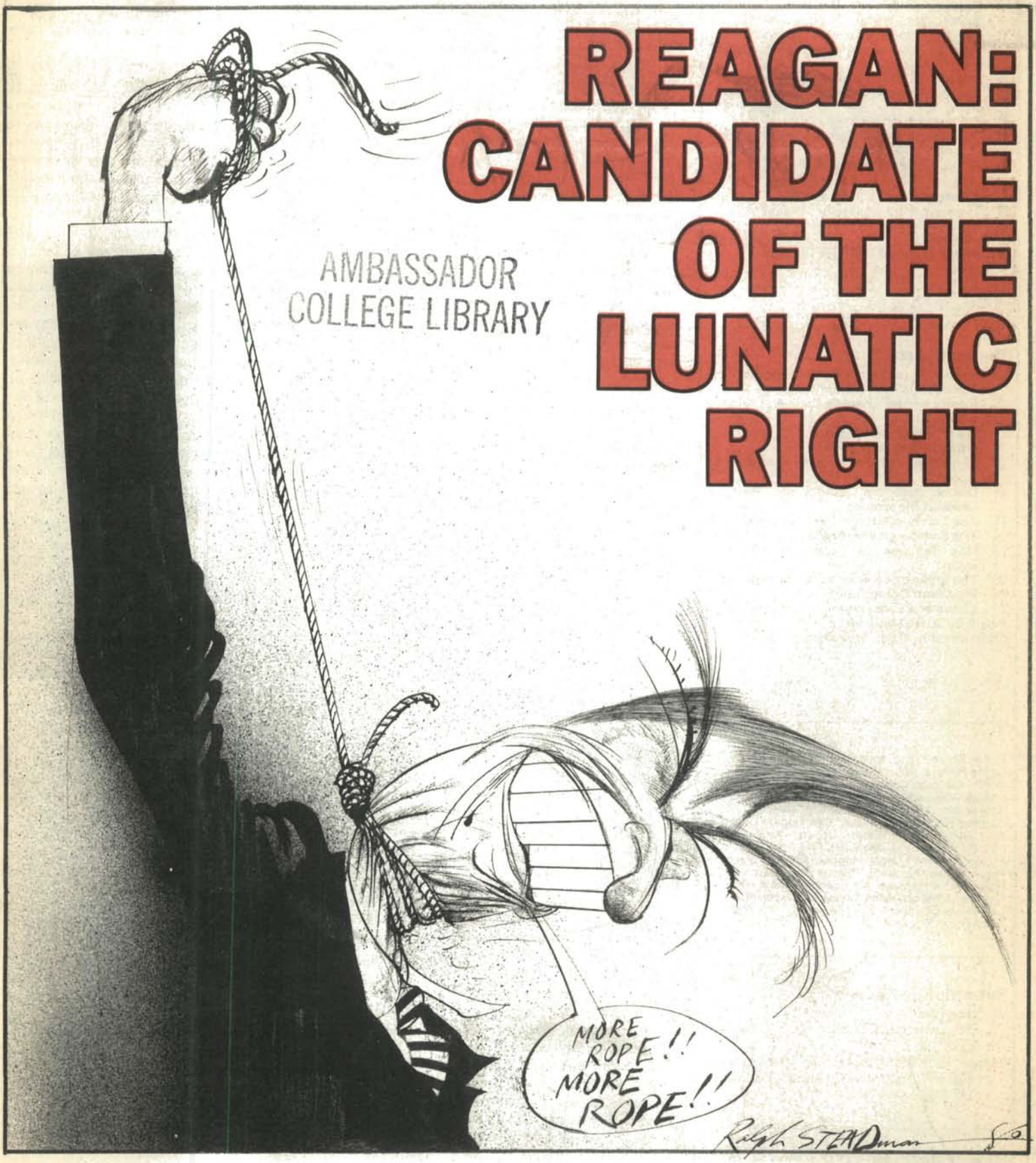
5 September 1980 40p USA $1.25 By Air

OCT 28 1980

NEW STATESMAN



REAGAN: CANDIDATE OF THE LUNATIC RIGHT

Management ineptitude at British Rail
Documents from Poland
Disabled in Britain: impoverished and patronised

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 100 5 September 1980 No 2581

Contents

2 **Leader**
3 **Notes:** Wave power; Health statistics; Cornish evictions; Lucas road/rail bus; Japanese nuclear dumping; Syrian corruption
5 **British Rail's financial crisis:** Mick Hamer
6 **Documents from Poland:** Christopher Hitchens
8 **TUC report:** Anna Coote
9 **The vanishing Commonwealth trades unionists:** Don Thomson
10 **Reagan and the lunatic Right:** Godfrey Hodgson
12 **A year of *Now!*:** Francis Wheen
13 **Tories and the disabled:** Hannah Wright
15 **London Diary:** Peter Kellner
16 **Letters**
17 **Arthur Marshall & Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts

18 **British support for fascism in the Thirties:** David Pryce-Jones
20 **Poetry of the Spanish Civil War** Michael Schmidt
21 **Iris Murdoch's new novel:** A.S. Byatt
22 **Other recent fiction:** Ben Okri
23 **The Edinburgh Television Festival:** Mary Holland
24 **Drama at the Edinburgh Festival:** Benedict Nightingale
25 **The Edinburgh Radio Festival:** Anne Karpf
26 **The Edinburgh Film Festival:** Sean Hignett
27 **Une Semaine de Vacances:** John Coleman
28 **The grilling of Keeler** Julian Barnes
28 **Weekend Competition**
29 **Chess and Crossword**
Poem by Jamie McKendrick
Front cover by Ralph Steadman

Editor: **Bruce Page** Deputies: **Christopher Hird, Anna Coote** Political Editor: **Peter Kellner** London Editorial Staff: **Duncan Campbell, Christopher Hitchens, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour** Northern Editor: **Rob Rohrer** Irish Editor: **Mary Holland** Associate Editor: **Godfrey Hodgson** Education: **Rick Rogers** Literary & Arts Editor: **David Caute** Deputy: **Paul Binding** Editorial Assistant: **Gillian Wilce** Art Editor: **Vicky Hutchings** Deputy: **Leigh Hughes** General Manager: **Peter Jones** Assistant General Manager: **Joanne Hurst** Advertisement Manager: **Michael Roberts** Classified Manager: **Allan Sayers** Circulation Manager: **Les Sharp** Circulation Sales Manager: **Tim Freeman** Accountant: **Ted Peacock**

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £20, Overseas £22.50
Air mail:
Europe £27, Middle East £29, Africa, India £30.50, Australasia, Far East £32.00, USA $69.00, Canada $80.00

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
© 1980 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors

The Hanging vote

THE PRISON OFFICERS have called upon the TUC to support a referendum upon capital punishment. Their argument requires to be taken seriously; it certainly does not deserve the ignominious fate it received in Brighton where the lack of a seconder prevented the issue from being discussed at all.

It is understandable that socialists and liberals should express vehement dislike of referenda in a world where they are often merely instruments of tyranny by plebiscite. (General Pinochet once again asks the Chilean people to endorse his own rule of prosperity and honour — or surrender to anarchy and terror, etc. If there is one thing more predictable than the result when it is announced next week, it will be the well-deserved contempt that Pinochet's exercise will receive.) But the fact that some referenda are evil does not make them all evil. It depends on the constitutional circumstances; what is sad about left-wing opposition to a referendum on capital punishment is that it derives from very muddled constitutional thinking — allied to a dangerous, elitist and cowardly fear that the vote may be lost.

THE COMMON PEOPLE are immensely imperfect as guarantors of civilisation. But there is no escape from the fact that all other candidates are fearsomely worse. To some, this conviction comes as readily as breathing. But it can be acquired, and be none the worse for that. Equally, it can be weakened by lack of exercise, or eroded by the practice of cynicism. Distrust of the people's responses — leading, eventually, to the wretched vision of civilisation as a fragile crust over chaos — is the rogue-streak in the Fabian tradition, and, as Robin Blackburn showed in a recent NS, is the one which produces the despairing apostasy of Paul Johnson and his like. The left's task should be to engage public opinion in its decision-making and confront right-wing prejudices, rather than hide from them.

If, in a properly-conducted referendum, the British people were to entrench the state's right to kill in cold blood, then so much the worse for us all. But is it likely they would? The regular opinion-poll majority favouring the rope produces little evidence, for the issue has little saliency: in such conditions, opinion-polls are poor predictors of a considered vote. (Early poll readings, for instance, were miles away from the result of the Scottish referendum.) The behaviour of juries is a likelier guide to people's real feelings: in modern times they have been highly reluctant to return murder verdicts where death remains even a nominal sentence.

A campaign for nationalised homicide would attract eager support only from the obviously biassed — the peelers and turnkeys — and the ferally eccentric sectors of tabloid journalism and back-bench politics. Only a glass case would be required for this platform to qualify as a museum-exhibit entitled 'Fanaticism', and respectable Tories with a modest nostalgia for the rope would find extreme difficulty operating in such company.

Virtually all the political, intellectual and religious elite which retains any moral credit would be on the other side. And it would be an excellent reminder to everyone that the proper function of an elite is not to arrogate power to itself, but to advise and persuade through personal commitment: by standing up, and getting counted. There might be some unfamiliarity with this operation — but no embarassment over alliances. Tony Benn would be able to link hands, not only with Shirley Williams, but with Roy Jenkins, David Steel and Edward Heath — not to mention Enoch Powell and even Julian Amery. One can save life in almost any company.

'PROPERLY CONDUCTED', of course, is the key phrase, and it isn't likely that the constitutional theory of the rope-addicts runs to any such thing. Probably, what they have in mind would more resemble an extension of lynch-law from the particular to the general: getting a Tory cabinet, anxiously fudging its internal differences, to spring some ad-hoc proposition on the electorate, in the immediate aftermath of a multiple sex-killing.

Like any electoral device, the referendum is no better or more democratic than the constitutional framework which regulates its use. The best case for it exists when a genuinely independent (if accountable) judiciary declares some assumption of executive power — a law, for instance, sanctioning torture, homicide or the banning of political parties — as being unconstitutional even if it should receive Parliamentary approval. The electorate may then be asked, quite specifically, whether there is a majority prepared to alter the constitution to the required extent. Free electorates are suspicious of increases in executive power, which accounts for the left's fear that written, formalised constitutions are automatically conservative — a reactionary judiciary might define as 'unconstitutional' any attempt to limit the irresponsibility of the building societies.

This can only be answered by contingent, detailed judgment of a particular constitution. Do its potential inhibitions to policy outweigh the protections offered to civil liberty?

But in Britain there is no real constitution. Effectively, the establishment makes up the rules as it goes along. And within such a context, what the Right likes to canvass as referendum proposals are no more than devices for the exploitation of instant prejudice — for placing the people themselves above the law, where they have no more right to be than judges, monarchs or prison warders. Briefly, then, the response to those who propose referenda upon questions which they imagine to be convenient to themselves is to ask them to specify the constitutional framework within which they believe the question should be asked. Many of them, supposed spokesmen of a suppressed and 'silent' majority, will discover that to do so would be to admit the legitimacy of numerous other questions which they will not find in any way to their convenience.

Sorry. . .

Because of a proofreading error — ours, not the printers — we increased the price of the New Statesman *on last week's cover to 45p. It's pretty bad in Thatcher's Britain but not that bad — yet. We still cost 40p.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES

Government to cut investment in wave power

David Ross writes: The energy source officially recognised as the one serious alternative to nuclear power for Britain is to have its budget slashed. The Department of Energy has decided to cut expenditure on wave energy by 30 per cent and to halt work on the two leading British devices — Salter's Duck and Cockerell's Raft. An announcement is expected shortly. Under pressure from the CEGB, which has always regarded alternative technology as something of diversion from the pursuit of a nuclear economy, the government has decided to cut spending on wave energy research from £4 million in 1979 to £3.5 million in 1980. A 30 per cent cut, in real terms.

Wave energy has been officially assessed by the Department of Energy as 'intrinsically the most attractive' alternative for the UK. The CEGB itself described it as 'the most promising' and its chairman, Mr Glyn England, said it 'could supply the whole of Britain with electricity at the present (1978) rate of consumption.' But in an attempt to camouflage the change in direction, the Board has suddenly shown enthusiasm for wind power and has said that it is looking for a site for an aero-generator which could be operating by 1985. Its partner, the North of Scotland Hydro-electric Board, is talking of putting small (22 kilowatt) machines in the Orkneys. But the CEGB has repeatedly emphasised that, in its view, in Britain wind power will never produce as much energy as wave power. Mr. England has suggested that wind might provide "at most, only about 5 per cent of our electricity demand."

The reduced sum of money available will now be devoted to three devices. The first is the Japanese invention, the Oscillating Water Column, which has functioned for nine months as a two megawatt power station in the sea off Japan, using a British-made generator. The unit — a 500-ton ship called the *Kaimei* — has now gone into port to be modified in line with improvements suggested by the National Engineering Laboratory at East Kilbride, near Glasgow. The British contribution to wave power thus seems destined to be confined to peripheral improvements in a Japanese enterprise. In addition, two newer inventions — the Lancaster University Airbag and the Bristol University Cylinder — have won favour and will continue to receive government money. Both of them have come on to the scene years after Stephen Salter at Edinburgh University, and Sir Christopher Cockerell, inventor of the Hovercraft, began wave energy experiments and are much further from investment in practical applications.

Are there any statistics on transplants?

David Jones and Alison Macfarlane write: Most health statistics are collected for administrative or legal purposes and are not well fitted to telling us about the health of the nation. In addition the data are incomplete and, paradoxically, there is considerable duplication of effort in the data collection. These are the conclusions of a new guide to health statistics[1] aimed at Community Health Councils and others interested in participating in the development of the health services in Britain. The conclusions are a matter of some importance as the planning of the NHS — which spends about £7500 million a year — and decisions about the use of resources lean heavily on the use of figures. A recent DHSS Steering Group set up to review health service information was at first given the brief of considering the needs of health service administrators; only recently has its scope been widened to consider the needs of patients and health service workers.

The existing statistics give us only limited information about the outcome of medical treatment. For example, the Hospital In-Patient Enquiry (HIPE) contains much information about how many days patients spend in hospital but nothing about the outcome of their treatment except whether they died or left the hospital alive. Nor do official statistics tell us much about the patterns of health in the population as a whole. For example, we know the variations from place to place in the removal of children's tonsils. But we do not know how far this was accounted for by tonsillitis and how far by doctors' enthusiasm for the removal of tonsils — opinions which vary widely.

The collection of data on pregnancy and childbirth illustrates well the duplication of effort in collecting incomplete data. The DHSS collects information on abortions from the doctor who carried out the termination. In addition the NHS conducts a 10 per cent sample of abortions to NHS inpatients as part of the HIPE. When regional estimates from these two surveys are compared, there are substantial differences even after sampling errors are taken into account.

Ten per cent of deliveries are included in the Maternity HIPE, in part duplicating the work of the registrar of births. Although the Enquiry includes some data on medical procedures (caesarean section, induction of labour etc), information on the baby is scanty. This is largely concerned with birth weight, congenital malformations and whether the baby died in hospital under the age of seven days, was discharged alive or was transferred to a Special Care Baby Unit. This information has, in fact, been collected for ten years but until 1979 very little of it was published.

England and Wales has a relatively low incidence of stillbirths and infant deaths but there is no comprehenisve system for collecting data on handicap. It is therefore unclear how a House of Commons committee suggested that at least 5000 survive every year with handicaps that could have been prevented, especially as there is no agreed definition of handicap and only malformations disclosed within a week of birth are notified (this leaves out many heart abnormalities.) There are other examples of duplication: information on the number of maternity beds and the number of staff involved is collected or collated by four different bodies. Some important data is not collected at all — about the health of a live born baby or the mother, for example.

Official statistics cannot, of course measure everything about the nation's health and the performance of the health service. But better

[1] *The Unofficial Guide to official health statistics.* Radical Statistics Health Group, £1 plus 25p p&p from 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG.

FREE SPEECH

The liberal and quality papers have carried many tear-stained items about the collapse of *Books and Bookmen*; flagship title of the bankrupt Hansom Books. Nobody should ever gloat at the closure of any magazine and *Books and Bookmen* was a lively read with a nice variety of contributors (including, occasionally, myself).

Its last issue, however, was atrociously disfigured. A new biography of Magda Goebbels, by the German writer Hans-Otto Meissner, was sent for review to Lady Diana Mosley. The article she produced was unfit for publication by any standards. It may be all very well to use this veteran snob and fascist for comic relief on occasions, but the following extract could not have appeared in any other civilised paper.

> I knew Magda and Dr Goebbels quite well. She was charming and beautiful, he was clever and witty.

Goebbels is also described as 'a small man, not much smaller than Napoleon. He limped because of a club foot, as did Byron. Very clever, he got a scholarship to Heidelberg where he acquired his doctorate.' In place of the phrase 'rabble-rousing speeches' to describe his political activity, Lady Mosley prefers the term 'inspired oratory'.

She greatly resents the book's description of the Goebbels family estate, and protests at the unfairness by saying:

> Even Labour ministers manage to buy villas in the Home Counties. So what is all the fuss about? When they were alone the Goebbels lived very simply.

Lady Mosley has all the courage and bearing of her class. She does not shirk the Holocaust, devoting two entire sentences of her review to the subject. Her verdict on the 'clever and witty' instigator of the *Kristallnacht?* 'His guilt must rest on supposition.'

For Lady Mosley, sympathy is an emotion reserved only for the Goebbels family in their hour of trial. She cannot help regarding the defeat of the Third Reich as a misfortune, and her gauche writing style betrays the fact:

> Everyone knows the tragic end (sic). As the Russians surrounded Berlin, the Goebbels painlessly killed their children and then themselves. The dead children were described by people who saw them as looking 'peacefully asleep'. Those who condemn this appalling, Masada-like deed must consider the alternative facing the distraught Magda.

Enough. Even in her gushiest moments Lady Mosley cannot resist an insulting comparison with the Jewish tradition. Her glutinous prose is one thing, and would disqualify her from most self-respecting papers. But her callousness and mendacity are infinitely worse. I learn from private sources that the editors of *Books and Bookmen* were unhappy about retaining her services, but were prevailed upon by the proprietor — a man named Dose or Dosser according to which papers you read. Rescue operations are now in train, with many interested parties offering salvage and backing. It may sound like an empty threat, but I for one shall not be writing for the magazine until it promises to leave la Mosley behind with its other bad debts.

Christopher Hitchens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statistics — not necessarily more — could be used to evaluate its efficiency and effectiveness. In many areas of health care current statistics are inadequate for this purpose. For instance it is not easy to obtain information on the costs incurred by the NHS in treating different groups of patients or, for example, how much is spent on heart transplants compared with the prevention of heart disease.

Tied tenants evicted

Graham Smith writes: Five low paid hospital workers have been told by a County Court judge that they must leave the houses in which they have been living for the past five years in order to make way for qualified nursing staff — yet to be recruited by the local Health Authority. The men and their families have 28 days to find somewhere else to live. The decision of Judge Chope at Bodmin County Court last Friday, has serious implications for all health service staff living in 'tied' accommodation.

Cornwall Area Health Authority has been trying for several months to evict the families, despite the fact that there are at the moment five AHA houses standing empty in the same road — one has been empty for more than a year. There are thought to be at least twenty AHA owned houses in Cornwall which have been empty for more than six months.

The five staff named on the eviction order are ancilliary workers at St. Lawrence's mental hospital, Bodmin. The reasons for eviction, accepted by the court, were that it was impossible for the Health Service to recruit new nursing staff to the area unless they could be offered low cost (£11 a week) accommodation with their jobs. Exactly the same offer was made to the ancillary workers when they moved to Cornwall five years ago. Only one of the workers now facing eviction on 26 September was represented by a trade union. The other staff were either not members of any union, or had not bothered to inform their union about the eviction orders.

A major worry now is that the AHA will not, in fact, use the accommodation to house qualified nursing staff — but will instead sell off the bulk of its housing stock. The Area Administrator in Cornwall, Mr. Alan Hodder, can say nothing to dispel this fear. 'We have no policy on the sale of houses at the moment,' he said. 'It may well be something that could be considered at a later time.' The eviction notices have aroused considerable feeling in a normally docile — some would say servile — part of the country. According to some ancillary staff at St. Lawrence's, empty AHA homes are occasionally used by senior officers for holiday weekends.

Workers' bus off the rails

Mick Hamer writes: The development by Lucas workers of a vehicle that can run on roads and railways could be stifled by the excessive conservatism of British railway engineers. The road-rail bus, which has recently had trials on the West Somerset Light Railway, is one of the first fruits of the Corporate Plan, which was drawn up in 1976 by the Lucas Aerospace Combine Shop Stewards Committee. The Plan aimed to develop socially-useful products which would draw on the workers' skills and be an alternative to the management's strategy of redundancies.

The road-rail bus is an extremely simple concept. It has two sets of wheels, one of which has tyres, enabling the vehicle to run on roads. The other wheels have flanges, which guide the bus on rails. The rail wheels are retractable. The present test vehicle consists of a second hand Bristol bus, which has been modified by the addition of the retractable rail wheels.

A road-rail vehicle has obvious advantages, combining the flexibility of a bus with the higher speeds and energy saving potential of rail transport. In practical use the bus could pick up passengers at a town that was off the railway network, drive to a railhead and then transfer to the rails. The transfer takes about three minutes. This is better than a bus connection with a train because the passengers do not have to change vehicles and there is no possibility of missing the connection. For the railways the Lucas vehicle offers the possibility of extending the railway network very cheaply.

The technology is equally applicable to freight vehicles. Perhaps the most promising application here is for use by smallish firms with private sidings, which do not want to have the complications or expense of maintaining a shunter, and would prefer a lorry on rails because of the simpler and familiar maintenance procedures. However a subsidiary of Mercedes Benz already produces such a vehicle.

But a major stumbling block for the Lucas workers is the innate traditionalism of the railways. The justification for this is normally safety — a prime railway concern ever since the former Tory minister William Huskisson was mown down 150 years ago at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway — a performance which British Rail might improve on under the present government. Safety in railway construction requires two massive steel girders running the length of the carriage so that no-one will be hurt if a train runs into a brick wall at 30 miles per hour. This engineering approach has already adversely affected BR's own bus on rails project — a Leyland National bus stuck on top of a chassis from a high speed freight wagon. This vehicle differs from the Lucas invention by only being able to run on rails. The engineers have made it heavier, thus losing many of the advantages of the original conception. One reason I was given when I questioned these design changes was: 'We can't have it looking like a bus.'

The most obvious application for the Lucas road rail bus has its own exquisite irony. The privately-owned West Somerset Light Railway runs a service from Minehead to Taunton. Trains stop just short of Taunton and passengers are conveyed thence by bus. Because of bus cuts and fearing competition from the trains, the local busmen, who belong to the National Union of Railwaymen, blacked the WSLR's trains from using Taunton station.

Double standards in Japan's nuclear policy.

Don Kirk writes from Tokyo: The Japanese government's Nuclear and Space Technology Agency is bent on dumping its nuclear waste into the waters north of a string of islands which it once conquered, despite the outcries of some of the obstreperous natives. The government would like to convince outraged rulers of one-time dependencies from the Marianas to Micronesia that nuclear waste mingled with concrete and jammed into steel drums is not all that dangerous. Missions from Tokyo have gone island-hopping through the region armed with charts, graphs, surveys and whatever to prove that all that radioactive material fizzling away at the bottom of one of the Pacific 'trenches' six thousand meters deep would hardly kill a fish, much less a human.

'The safety is complete,' reported Eiichi Tsuji, director of the government's Nuclear Safety Division. The programme, he said, would conform with all the provisions of the London Nuclear Dumping Convention, which Japan plans to ratify. What more could one ask? A ban on all dumping, respond regional leaders, suffering, it seems, from their own acute case of 'nuclear allergy', a term in common currency here since the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. After all, it was in the Marshall Islands that the United States and other nations tested such fearful weapons as the hydrogen bomb, whose 'safe' fallout eventually cost lives.

Observances here surrounding the 35th anniversary of Hiroshima on 6 August and Nagasaki on 9 August provided a forum for agonized outcries by island representatives. Carrying a petition with ten thousand signatures demanding that Japan abandon its plan, Joaquin I. Pangelinan, speaker of the House of Representatives of the Northern Marianas, said simply, 'we should have a nuclear-free Pacific Ocean.' Pangelianan was notably unmoved when reminded that Japan might provide aid to the Northern Marianas if it votes to end American trusteeship. 'We have our own pride', he retorted, 'If the US and Japan think that by taking away economic aid, we will kneel down, they have to think again.'

Other island leaders have been more emphatic. The Republic of Yap, part of Micronesia, is urging the United Nations to condemn the programme. Another Micronesian territory, Pulau, has a constitutional provision declaring that Pulau will forever remain free of any nuclear contamination. Roman Bedor, a member of Pulau's Constitutional Committee, denounced the plan as 'another experiment by another big nation using our islands and our people as guinea pigs'. The Japanese, he said, first want to exploit the marine resources of Micronesian waters and then to destroy them. 'Our people have come out very strongly against this', said Bedor, 'only we fear that the Japanese government will not listen.'

Japanese officials, for their part, are listening but are not likely to keep on doing so. Acknowledging the importance of 'international harmony', an official of the Science and Technology Agency pointedly noted it was still 'not necessary to get approval of foreign countries.' Curiously, Japan responded quite differently when a Soviet Nuclear submarine, damaged by a tragic blaze in which nine sailors were killed, plied briefly through Japanese waters while under tow back to Vladivostok. Although there was not the slightest sign of radiation, Japan's highest leaders denounced the manoeuvre as a breach of territorial integrity. But then, it was a question of whose integrity was at stake.

Syrian Corruption

Tammam Al-Barazi writes: The Syrian Baath party's attempts to contain corruption appear to have entirely floundered before a welter of self interested officials. We have obtained a document showing that this self interest certainly extends as far as the party's Assistant General Secretary, Abdullah Al-Ahmar, who has taken a modest 6.5 per cent for his private use out of a party contract to spend more than £1 million with a German company to set up the party publishing house.

A copy of the secret letter promising the commission demanded by Al-Ahmar has been obtained from German business officials. It promises that the suppliers, Ing. Manfred Engelhard of Brombachtal near Frankfurt, will pay him 300,000 DM (about £75,000) out of a 4.5m DM contract that was being arranged with the Baath party for 'aluminium and accessories'. The note, on company paper and addressed to Al-Ahmar, is dated 17 February 1979.

The Baathists took over in 1963 promising a fight against corruption on all levels. The current president and party General Secretary, Hafes Al-Assad, led a 'correction movement' in 1970 which repeated this noble aim. In fact, Assad has presided over a boom in corruption, rather than the opposite. With inflation running at around 100 per cent, many officials have come to view backhanders as a legitimate alternative to orthodox wage claims. The Baath party has, it appears, its share of such persons.

Amongst these is the president's brother, Rifat Al-Assad, who is in command of the praetorian troops who secure the radio and TV broadcasting centres and the Syrian general staff HQ. It was Rifat's involvement in the bribery web which finally put paid to the efforts of an anti-corruption commission appointed by his brother two years ago.

Assistant General Secretary Abdullah Al-Ahmar has never before been publicly identified as the recipient of commissions. But the document whose details we have described here has been circulating amongst Syrian and Arab journalists for some time. It proved impossible to find a willing publisher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH RAIL
Mick Hamer

Passengers pay for losses on the freight business

A case of management ineptitude

IN A DESPERATE attempt to contain its escalating deficit — which could be as high as £100 million this year — British Rail will be hiking passenger fares by 20 per cent in the autumn, the second fare increase this year, and cutting train services. BR's five regions have been told to cut passenger train mileage by between two and five per cent. Most of these cuts will affect off-peak services although commuters will get shorter trains. Although the passenger is going to have to pay more for less the real losses on the railways are not being made by the passenger services, they are being made by rail freight. And the root cause of rail freight's poor performance is its feeble management.

Only three months ago in its half-yearly review BR reported a loss of £24 million for the first half of 1980. This compares with a loss of £10 million for the first half of 1979 — a loss which was eventually reduced to under £2½ million for the whole year. The half-yearly review exuded confidence that the first half deficit, if it could not be eliminated, could at least be kept to manageable proportions. In fact internal estimates now circulating at BR suggest a loss of between £70 million and £80 million — without another fare increase and service cuts — although there are fears that the final deficit, if unchecked, could be £100m.

Some of the responsibility for these losses is unrelated to the freight business. The number of rail passengers has fallen below budgeted levels because of the general economic downturn. A particularly embarrassing — for the government — failure has been Sealink. Last year Sealink made a profit of £14 million. This year, engaged in a price war with Townsend Thoresen, it has failed to pull in large numbers of extra passengers and is now forecasting only breakeven. Thus the government's hopes for a share flotation of Sealink are sinking.

But the freight business is the biggest and most intractable of the railways' problems, responsible for most of BR's expected deficit. Officially BR lists three reasons for rail freight's failings; the unusually warm winter, the steel strike and the recession. Mild winters are always bad for the railways, because they reduce demand for coal and oil. Coal alone accounts for almost 40 per cent of BR's freight revenue.

The steel strike and the BSC's rationalisation of steel production have also hit BR badly. According to BR the steel strike cost BR £30 million in lost orders — although this is not of course a net loss since BR did not have the expense of running the trains. The 1980 budget for iron and steel carryings, which was drawn up by BR's planners last year before the strike, was 26.8 million tonnes. The expected out-turn for 1980 is now 14.7 million tonnes, with 1981 forecast of 19 million tonnes. The bulk of the coal and coke that is used to make steel is also sent by rail. In 1980 BR will carry 4.6 million tonnes of coal to BSC plants compared with a budget figure of 7 million tonnes.

The recession has also hit BR badly. Largely because most of the commodities that are sent by rail — coal, iron, steel, and aggregates — are very sensitive to the general level of economic activity. But these factors are only part of the explanation for rail freight's losses. At the centre of the problem is a short-sighted management team steeped in tradition, which is unable to take opportunities and develop new markets. Rail freight's vulnerability to the recession has been a result of management decisions to concentrate on bulk traffic — precisely those commodities which are subject to cyclical fluctuations — and to get out of markets which are more healthy — notably the fast growing food and drink market.

THE COMPARISON OF RAIL freight and the BR subsidiary Freightliners highlights rail freight's poor management and its vulnerable range of traffic. Freightliners was conceived by BR in the early 1960s to develop the use of containers for general freight. Under the 1968 Transport Act Freightliners was taken away from BR and became a subsidiary of the National Freight Corporation — the nationalised road hauliers. Under the 1978 Transport Act it was returned to BR — with revitalised management — and in 1979 turned in a £2 million operating surplus. Although Freightliners, like rail freight and road haulage in general, have all suffered from the recession Freightliners have done much better than rail freight because of management's ability to contain costs and the stable range of commodities which the business handles.

> 'Freight managers have no accurate idea of their costs and find it difficult to control them'

Despite the prevailing difficulties Freightliners turned in a half-yearly surplus of £900,000. This success is causing some embarrassment among the rail freight chiefs, who have voiced concern when Freightliners has, on occasion, bid for traffic which the railways have discarded because it was unprofitable.

One major contract which will shortly be eluding rail freight's grasp is the Ministry of Defence's contract for carrying the army's stores and goods. In all, the MoD paid over £27 million to outside contractors for transport in 1979-80, mainly to BR which is in charge of organising the MoD's distribution, and then sub-contracting work where suitable. One of the chief beneficiaries was rail freight.

The MoD decided earlier this year to reorganise its distribution system to bring it up to date. This decision was partly prompted by the performance of sub-contractors who on occasions delivered goods only a couple of days after being ordered — unlike BR which normally took fifteen to twenty days.

To carry out this reorganisation the MoD decided to appoint consultants. BR clearly had the pole position, not only was it the established leading contractor but also certain classes of traffic — notably explosives — have to go on rail by law. Three concerns were asked to tender for the consultancy: BR, its Freightliner subsidiary and National Carriers which is a subsidiary of the National Freight Corporation and sends its goods by road rather than rail. The contract was won by Freightliners, by a neck from National Carriers with BR bringing up the rear.

Although Freightliners is not prepared to talk, it clearly hopes to wrest the major defence contract from BR, and as the MoD's consultants is in a good position to achieve this. Since Freightliners send most of their long distance traffic by rail the community at large can be thankful that MoD stores will continue to go by rail, and not be charging around the country in juggernauts.

THERE ARE TWO MAIN problems with rail freight management. One is the quality of the managers themselves. The second is the confusing management structure and the overlapping of responsibilities. One of the reasons for the conservative and passive nature of the freight management is its age profile — over 55 per cent of managers are over 50 years old. In 1975 rail freight accepted, without question, a bill for £140 million from BR for track maintenance, signalling and administration. Rail freight has virtually no control over this cost, and they simply treated it as a general overhead without any attempt to allocate the costs to specific areas of their business.

Thus freight managers have no accurate idea of what their costs are, and find it difficult to control them. There is scant point in trying to cut costs when there is no accurate knowledge of whether services are making profits. This also makes pricing very difficult: frequently freight rates are quoted which are below costs, and therefore unprofitable.

The management structure further exacerbates this problem. Three levels of management — the BR Board, the regions and the divisions — are responsible for quoting freight rates. But for this complicated structure to work successfully there would need to be considerable pooling of information. This pooling does not occur.

Only the regions have any control over costs and the power to institute cost saving exercises, like line closures. But because of inter-regional traffic, regions themselves do not have an accurate idea of costs. Customers also dislike this chaotic management structure which means that on any one contract they have to deal with more than one person.

Even the retrenchment in the freight business over the last two years has tended to be counterproductive and focus rail freight's attention on commodities which are vulnerable to recession and away from markets which are growing. Two years ago there were seven freight marketing managers concerned with coal, steel, cars, oil and chemicals, earth and stones, MoD and Agriculture, and National Freight Corporation traffic. The last two responsibilities have been merged. And the responsibility for marketing cars is now lumped in with earth and stones. This management change represents a real lost opportunity, because with car imports rising rapidly BR had an opportunity to break into a new market.

Probably the best hope for rail freight would be to set the business up separately from the general railway, similar to Freightliners or Sealink, thus making the business identify, and maybe control, its costs. This proposal is currently being mooted in the BR Board. It is being resisted by freight management.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAND
Christopher Hitchens

The Polish opposition speaks for itself

Eight Hours is Enough

NO 'SOVIETOLOGIST' predicted the Polish events, and their sweep and depth left most analysts wallowing behind. For the first time in a generation, a social movement emerged to challenge the Comecon system; a movement rather than an easily-sanctified 'dissident'. On one point there is general agreement. A germinal role was played by the KOR (Workers' Defence Committee, or *Komitet Obrony Robotnikow*). Below, we print some selected documents from the KOR archive, which show the patience and labour with which the recent political 'breakthrough' was prepared — and also caution against euphoria. They first appeared in Volume 24 No 4 of the magazine *Survey**, to which grateful acknowledgements.

The KOR is hard to classify politically. Many of its founder members were formerly active in the Polish Socialist Party; others are veterans of the wartime Resistance, the 1968 student movement, or the ferment in the Polish Catholic Church. Jacek Kuron, its leading spokesman, served time in prison in the sixties for a near-Trotskyist critique of the Polish system. When I interviewed him in late 1976 in Warsaw, he expressly repudiated this earlier document. He was, he said, convinced that the main battle in the world was between pluralism and its enemies. His associate Adam Michnik, in a similar interview, professed himself a socialist in spite of the discredit which Stalinism had brought on the term. But, he said, words like freedom and democracy have also been debased by governments without being disowned by intellectuals. Both Kuron and Michnik have been unavailable for comment in the last fortnight. (We welcome their release from detention on Tuesday.) It is possible to trace some of their ideas on pluralism and socialism from the following.

> 'I consider all those people who consciously and actively oppose totalitarianism while fighting for the independence of the Polish nation and state, as political oppositionists. On the other hand I do not consider as oppositionists those people who aim at state sovereignty without actively opposing totalitarianism.' Jacek Kuron 1976. (A reference to certain nationalist and anti-semitic forces grouped around General Moczar.)

Extracts from the KOR 'Appeal to the Nation'. 10 October 1978.

'The workers' protest in June 1976 revealed the deep crisis in the economic and social life of the country. The period of two years which has since elapsed should have been enough to allow one to expect that the authorities would at least have provided outline plans for solving the crisis. Unfortunately the causes of the outbreak have not been removed in those two years; new sources of tension have arisen instead. Growing disorganisation and torpor ravage the economic, political, social and cultural life of the country.

1. The increase in food prices rejected by the people in 1976 was replaced by a covert increase. The method of putting onto the market more expensive articles under new names and withdrawing cheaper articles is practised on a wide scale . . . The covert increase in prices and the supply difficulties result in a drastic increase in the cost of living which severely hit the poorest classes.

2. The Health Service is in a desperate state. For long years not enough has been invested in it and as a result the number of hospital beds, insufficient to start with, has decreased. Owing to the lack of space and to the poor facilities of the great majority of hospitals which have not been renovated since before the war, the sanitary conditions in many hospitals are a threat to the patients.

Against this background, the fact that a special, modern hospital for dignitaries is under construction in Miedzylesie and medicines are specially imported for it can only mean that the authorities are fully aware of the state of the health service, and collecting premiums for the Social Health Fund is a cynical abuse.

3. There has been no improvement in these last years in the dramatic housing situation. The waiting lists grow longer from year to year as does the waiting period. At the same time the cost of housing steadily adds to the burden of the family budget.

4. The authorities try to make up for the economic disorganisation by increased exploitation of the workers. The working day for many groups often grows longer. Drivers, miners, workers in the building industry and in other professions work 10-12 hours a day.

Depriving the miners of compensatory days for working on Saturdays, compulsory work on Sundays and a wage system in which one day's absence even if more than justified (illness, death in the family) results in a 20 per cent reduction in the monthly wage — such conditions may be compared only to the exploitation of the workers in the early days of capitalism.

5. An examination of the daily wages of the workers and the prices in commercial shops reveals another disturbing fact; an increase in the stratification of society. Wage and retirement pension differentials are too great. We have in Poland families living under extremely difficult conditions and a few families with no material worries. An additional factor which increases social inequalities is the existence of privileges for groups connected with those in power: extra supplies, special health service, housing allocation, building sites allotment, foreign currency allocation, special rest centres — these are but a few of the facilities enjoyed by the ruling group.

More and more often we find that children inherit the privileges of their parents. The principle of an equal start for the young is an illusion.'

Warsaw, September 1978 (Extracts)

'Towards the end of July 1978 KOR was approached by a group of miners from Silesia . . . the inhuman exploitation of miners — which has been brought to wider attention already by miners from the Walbrzych basin and other areas — is now the basic problem of this community and a source of ever greater discontent and opposition. Attempts are made to compensate for the increasing disorganisation and economic stagnation by a ruthless increase in the rate of coal extraction . . . Demanding work from sick people, forcing them to work beyond their powers while depriving them of their free days, leaving aside temporary advantages, can lead to one thing only: the already noticeable increase in accidents and the ruin of the physical health of the miners.

Work without free days and rest deprives the miners of a normal family life and has a deleterious effect on the bringing up of children which in turn leads to a rupturing of all social ties. This prevents the miners from participating in cultural and social life and turns them, as in the period of early capitalism, into a dehumanised workforce. . .

We recall that the working class movement managed more than 50 years ago to achieve the right to an 8-hour working day. We recall that one of the first acts of the reborn Polish state was the directive of the Head of State of 23 November 1920, establishing an 8-hour working day without a reduction in wages.'

PERHAPS KOR HAD its greatest 'scoop' in November 1977, when it published the 'guidelines' used by the official censorship office. These were supplied by an ex-employee of the censors, whose initials (GUKPPiW) are impressively bureaucratic and represent Central Office for Control of Press, Publications and Performances. Extracts include:

1) All information about the direct threat of industry and the use of chemicals in agriculture to human life and health must be expunged.

2) Absolutely no information is to be published concerning the Katowice mine disasters in which four miners lost their lives.

3) It is forbidden to publish any information whatever about the sale of Polish meat to the USSR.

4) Information concerning Poland's purchase of licences from capitalist countries is to be eliminated from the mass media.

5) There should be no criticism of decisions made about wages or of social policies currently pursued.

6) No information is to be released about the bribery affair in Sandomierz.

7) Until verified, no information should be released on General Amin's speech, in which the erection of a monument to Adolf Hitler in Uganda was announced.

8) There must be no publication of information concerning possible limitations on the freedom of action of communist parties or their leaders in Egypt, Algeria, the Sudan, Iraq, Libya and Syria.

9) No information should be published concerning possible trade with Rhodesia and South Africa, or contacts between Polish institutions and South Africa.

10) Publication is not permitted of any expressions of sympathy with Eritrean liberation movements in Ethiopia.

11) States with which Poland maintains diplomatic relations should not be referred to as military dictatorships or called other names such as gorillas or military junta. This rule does not apply to Chile, Paraguay, Guetemala and the Dominican Republic.

It would be glib to describe the Polish workers' movement as socialist. But it is a movement which every socialist ought to support. News from Silesia suggests that the battle is not over.

*Ilford House, 133 Oxford St London W1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

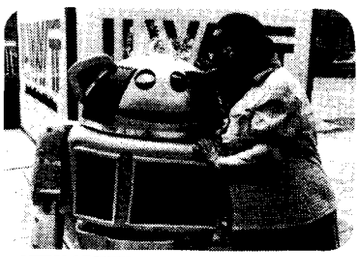
Programmes for the Autumn from London Weekend Television

PETER COOK & CO., a comedy extravaganza starring Peter Cook, with Rowan Atkinson, John Cleese and Beryl Reed

BLADE ON THE FEATHER, one of three new plays by Dennis Potter, with Donald Pleasence, Denholm Elliott, Kika Markham and Tom Conti with Phoebe Nicholls

SEVEN AGES, a new Adult Education series looking at how people change throughout their life span

THE BIG MATCH, with top soccer commentator Brian Moore moving to Saturday night to introduce highlights of the day's big games



METAL MICKEY, a new comedy series about a well-meaning robot who becomes part of a typical London family, featuring Irene Handl

CREDO, LWT's current affairs programme on religious and moral issues

FANCY WANDERS, a new comedy series starring Dave King and Joe Marcell

WEEKEND WORLD, LWT's weekly current affairs programme, presented by Brian Walden on Sunday at noon

NOBODY'S PERFECT, a new comedy series about the ups and downs of an Anglo-American marriage, starring Elaine Stritch and Richard Griffiths

THE LONDON PROGRAMME, the current affairs programme for the London area, introduced by Godfrey Hodgson

SEARCH FOR A STAR, a new series of the television talent show, searching for stars of the future, hosted by Steve Jones

PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, a quiz show hosted by Bruce Forsyth

LOOK HERE, a monthly look at broadcasting itself in which London viewers can air their views, presented by John Pardoe

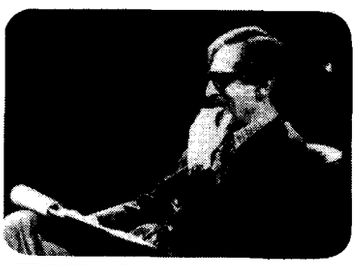
END OF PART ONE, a new series of irreverent and original comedy

WORLD OF SPORT, produced by LWT every Saturday for the ITV network and introduced by Dickie Davies

THE GENTLE TOUCH, the drama series starring Jill Gascoine as Police Inspector Maggie Forbes

HOLDING THE FORT, a new comedy series starring Peter Davison and Patricia Hodge

SKIN, a series of programmes about immigrant communities in the London area



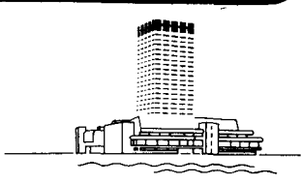
THE WORLD OF TELEVISION, Denis Norden takes a humorous look at television programmes around the world

THE SOUTH BANK SHOW, LWT's weekly programme about the arts, edited and presented by Melvyn Bragg, pictured with Claudio Abbado

20th CENTURY BOX, LWT's programme about and for teenagers, introduced by Danny Baker

SAMMY AND BRUCE, Sammy Davis Junior and Bruce Forsyth star in a one-hour show

LWT
London Weekend Television



Programmes produced by London Weekend Television, the ITV station for the London area on-air every weekend from 7 pm on Friday until closedown on Sunday

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minnion's eye-view of the TUC front bench

Left to right: Marie Patterson, Tom Jackson, Terence Parry, Len Murray, Norman Willis, Clive Jenkins.

Bald & bored in Brighton

ANNA COOTE reports from the TUC

SATURDAY, LEEDS: more than 1600 gathered together representing groups from all over the country. A remarkably homogenous crowd, drawn together by a common interest in socialism. Monday, Brighton: more than 1200 gathered together, representing groups from all over the country. A remarkably homogenous crowd, drawn together by a common interest in trade unionism. The culture shock brought on by the journey from one to the other could not have been greater if there had been oceans to cross on the way.

It was not the spectrum of their political affiliations which distinguished them. At both meetings there were some who belonged to the Labour Party, some to the Communist Party, some to smaller groupings on the Left and a fair number who were unaligned (although the proportions of each were different). The contrast was in the age, sex, class, style and preoccupations of the participants — and in the way they chose to conduct their business. At Leeds, for the weekend meeting of 'Beyond the Fragments', more than two thirds were female; most were in their late twenties and thirties and middle class. They wore casual colourful clothes — jeans, dungarees, running shoes, tousled hair and anarchic jumbles of badges. There were dozens of children too. The event was an utter shambles — which frustrated some but comforted most because they found it familiar.

At Brighton, nine-tenths were male, heads were predominantly grey and neatly trimmed above collars and ties. Most were in their forties and fifties and perhaps two-thirds were working class. There was not a child in sight, but there were cohorts of reporters, onlookers, including a great many wives. So tidy was the business, so diligently organised the participants that it was not until 4.40 p.m. on the *second* day of the conference that a disagreement was expressed in public.

THE SHAMBLES at Leeds had been convened to discuss organisation: how could all these 'fragments' on the Left link up? They could not agree — except to have another get-together and to continue to meet locally in smaller groups. The workshop discussions rambled, with plenty of passionate disagreement and few formal conclusions. But the event was a watershed and anything but irrelevant to the British Left. It was the first time all these people had come together and they had enough in common to be inspired by the possibility of joining forces again. The fact that 1600 could be summoned up by an ad hoc group with no organisational base was an exciting discovery. What's more, it was the first time the women's movement had ever met the male Left, face to face in a non-sectarian context. And what an eye-opener that was. There they were, the fellers, with their CND badges and their newspapers and their beards and their excellent intentions. They knew about feminism; they'd read the book of the conference. They understood that the women's movement could teach them something about how to conduct their business. They wanted to be friends again, and to march forward with the sisters. Imagine their surprise though to find that some of the sisters weren't having it and these were not the dreadful rad-fems who wanted to chew their balls off, but all those nice heterosexual socialist feminists, the sensible ones! And they were saying hold on, brothers, we're not coming your way, you must come ours. That means not just borrowing a few of our methods, but taking your politics into your hearts. Our fight against patriarchy isn't just a fragment you can link with, it is fundamental to the fight for socialism. . . It was an enlightening experience for both sides, but one which would have confounded the average Brighton delegate or bored him half to death.

He, however, will be lucky if he hears more than three or four arguments in the entire week. For, as everybody knows, all differences of opinion are distilled out of the agenda before it reaches the floor of Congress. If a union has tabled a motion which is likely to be contentious it is expected to take out the contentious bits and sink the rest into a large 'composite' or, if it cannot be composited, to withdraw it. At the very least it must remit. Almost invariably, the union does what is expected. And so in the eyes of the 1200 delegates and the world's press, Congress is of one mind on all but an awkward clutch of topics which seem to decline in number year by year. Among forbidden us in the first two days were whether or not the TUC should 'refuse to recognise' any of the provisions of the Employment Bill; whether an increase in Child Benefit should be 'the immediate priority in social expenditure'; whether or not we should condemn the 14 per cent pay award to nurses; and what we should do about the family wage in collective bargaining.

There have been lots of angry speeches (but no arguments) about the way the media present a distorted picture of trade union activities so Congress censors itself and is stultified by the power of the press. As I write my own delegation, the NUJ — which is small, stroppy and unpopular — is under pressure to withdraw our amendment to Composite 22 on Energy Policy. The composite, moved by the AUEW and supported by the National Association of Colliery Overmen, Deputies and Shotfirers, the General and Municipal Workers Union, the British Association of Colliery Management, the Institution of Professional Civil Servants, and the National Union of Railwaymen, calls for a co-ordinated national energy policy, including 'maximum utilisation of our . . . nuclear resources.' The NUJ amendment urges that 'no new nuclear power stations should be built. Instead, work should be diverted into developing renewable sources of energy and the refurbishment of existing power stations especially in the inner cities.' Since we arrived in Brighton we have had offers of support from the miners, the shopworkers, the National Graphical Association and the National Union of Public Employees. Rather than have an open debate, the TUC is begging us to take it off the agenda. Rarely does the National Union of Journalists have such a chance to be heroic.

Andrew Wiard (Report)

Brighton: nine-tenths were male, heads were predominently grey . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laurie Sparham (IFL)

Leeds: two-thirds were female in their late twenties . . . with tousled hair . . .

Don Thomson

Poland: in the tradition of TUC internationalism

The TUC's reluctance to link with working class struggles — as evidenced by its attitude to recent events in Poland — applies virtually everywhere else in the world. Its scheme to train Commonwealth trade unionists is largely confined to employees of national trade union centres — the counterparts of TUC staff — and involves hardly any contact with rank and file trade unionists.

The scheme was started in 1977 and is financed by a Foreign Office grant — currently £180,000 a year. Over four-fifths of this money has been used to bring unionists, mainly from Commonwealth countries, to England for 14 week training courses organised by the Department of Employment. The course is said to lay stress on practical trade unionism and 'collective bargaining in particular.' So far over 100 unionists have been brought over to England, though the TUC refuses to say who they are. However, I have the list of 54 who came over in 1979-80 and it suggests that many would be unable to make much use of the experience: coming from national trade union centres few of them would have the responsibility of negotiating with employers or multinational companies at plant level.

The candidates must get their own government's permission to attend the courses and are chosen with the help of British labour attachés — people whom the TUC has long complained know nothing about labour. What happens to the candidates once in England is something of a mystery. When I told labour leaders and activists involved in international trade union issues that over 100 Third World unionists had descended on Britain over the past three years for periods of over three months, they all expressed amazement. With the exception of a few 'senior' unionists taken to Ruskin College, Oxford, the great majority spend their time in the Department of Employment office in Tottenham Court Road. Their schedule includes visits to the CBI, Parliament, the TUC and DHSS and ACAS offices. When I said that there didn't seem to be any provision to meet with ordinary unionists, the Overseas Development Agency official at the Foreign Office replied that they would see some when they go the TUC or ACAS. It also appears that those recruited from trade unions — as opposed to national labour centres — don't even meet with representatives of their sister unions, let alone the rank and file.

In 1975 the TUC and Foreign Office staff secretly attempted to get CBI cash to launch a British version of the labour training programme organised by the CIA-backed American Institute for Free Labour Development, which is also funded by US multinationals. The plan was destroyed when Jack Jones, then chairman of the TUC International Committee, got wind of it. Shortly afterwards the Ministry of Overseas Development agreed to cover the entire cost of the programme, though the money came ultimately from the Foreign Office. The scheme went ahead at a time when all other European national labour centres were dropping the idea on the grounds that it was wasteful, useless and caused divisions within Third World unions.

The programme has been developed against a backdrop of unprecendented world-wide labour repression and a growing need for internationl trade union links in the face of the growth of multinational companies. Many international trade union bodies have recently made calls for a new international policy and support for unions taking political action in countries without democracy. The TUC has, apparently, taken little notice.

However, it faces a problem. The government want the TUC to meet half the cost of this programme in future, even though the TUC is not exactly flush with funds. Many individual trade unions, with excellent training facilities, would be willing to provide places for Thirld World unionists. This alternative would both increase links with ordinary unionist and save the TUC some money.

Is it polite to read a lady's private diaries?

In January, The Sunday Times published the first extracts from Barbara Castle's private diaries. They were outspoken. Even for Barbara Castle. She revealed exactly what she thought of Jim Callaghan. Gave her opinion of Roy Jenkins. And explained why she was convinced she would never become Britain's first female Prime Minister.

Now The Sunday Times is continuing the series that curled lips around Westminster and raised eyebrows all over the country.

What or who's next? Find out by reading Barbara Castle's Diaries – Part II – in The Sunday Times.

Barbara Castle's Diaries

THE SUNDAY TIMES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reagan's threat to the Western Alliance

This week the *Newsweek* poll suggested that Ronald Reagan's current lead over Carter could give him 33 states and the Presidency in November. With an unprecedented right-wing tide running in America this is an alarming prospect. GODFREY HODGSON reports on Reagan's views and policies and those of the advisers clustered around him.

ON THE NIGHT Goldwater was nominated in 1964, only a handful of true believers were invited to sit watching the voting on television in his hotel suite. One of them was William Baroody Jr. In 1964, Bill Baroody was regarded, even in Republican circles, as an eccentrically farouche Right-wing fanatic. Today he is the president of the American Enterprise Institute, largely his own creation and perhaps the most influential research institution in the country. (Its principal rivals are Brookings, where Peter Jay has found shelter, which is dominantly pro-Democratic; and the Hoover Institution in California, of which more in a moment.) Gathered round Baroody under the AEI's auspices are most of the high priests of that new conservatism which has in fact now ousted New Deal liberalism and established itself as the reigning public philosophy of the United States.

Efforts are already being made to play down Ronald Reagan's resemblance to Goldwater. There are differences, of course. Goldwater has spent his life in the Senate, where you can say a lot of outspoken things and nothing much gets broken; Reagan served two terms as governor of California, and learned the hard way that there are some things you can't do in the real world, however much the faithful cheer you at fundraisers when you say you're going to do them. (Example: Reagan said he was going to slash the state's budget by a flat 10 per cent off everything. They had to explain to him that you can't cut the interest on the debt, or not without *big* trouble.) Goldwater grew up comfortably, the son of a department store owner in booming Phoenix; Reagan grew up poor, with an alcoholic father, in the elm-shaded but threadbare Norman Rockwell Middle West. Reagan sounds more sophisticated than Goldwater now. But that is partly for the very reason that makes him more alarming: the country has moved on, so that yesterday's shooting from the lip has become today's sophistication.

Reagan's nomination forces us to confront the fact that the ideological centre of gravity of American politics has already shifted to a point that used to be considered, even by American conservatives, to lie outside the mainstream in the direction of the lunatic Right.

'You know the real reason I'm upset', Reagan is reported to have told his son after he lost the nomination to Gerald Ford in 1976, 'I wanted to listen to the interpreter tell me for an hour and a half what Brezhnev wanted the President of the United States to give up in order to maintain friendship with Russia. Then I was going to slowly get up, walk around the table and whisper in his ear, "*Nyet.*" I really miss that. I don't think Brezhnev has heard that word before.' Or on the turbulent conflicts of the Third World: 'Let's not delude ourselves. The Soviet Union is the source of all the trouble that's going on.' Or again: 'When did the Cold War ever end?' On international affairs, Reagan likes to talk like the football coach of one of his grand old Hollywood parts: 'Let's win this one for the Gipper!' On domestic policy, he veers between cosy waffle and haircurling brutalities. Sometimes he sounds like a closet moderate. More often he sounds like the hero of *Mr Smith Goes to Washington*, who honestly believed everything would be all right if more decent, straight, uncorrupted, old-fashioned Americans weighed in and sorted things out. What about the energy deficit? Free the oil companies from taxes and regulation, says Reagan, 'and they'll find all the oil we need.' Er, how can you increase the military budget, *and* reduce the budget deficit? 'It's as easy as protecting your virtue — you just have to learn to say no.'

Some of that stuff is intended for the edification of the folks back home. Still, it is genuinely hard to work out how serious Reagan is and what he really means, because he talks like an idiot so much. Fortunately, there are more detailed guidebooks to the geography of Reagan's America. We don't have to believe all the tour guide tells us.

THE BEST is a fearsome volume, 868 pages of it, called *The United States in the 1980s*. It emanates from that remarkable citadel of Right-wing fervour, the Hoover Institution at Stanford in California. Herbert Hoover himself laid down that 'the purpose of this institution must be by its research and publications to demonstrate the evil of the doctrines of Karl Marx.' In recent years it has become very closely associated with Reagan's campaign for the presidency, though a handful of non-Republican neo-conservatives like Seymour Martin Lipset have found shelter there. The Institution's only three honorary fellows mark our cards for us clearly enough: Friedrich Hayek, Alexander Solzhenitsyn . . . and Ronald Reagan.

Camera Press

Half of the thirty essays in *The United States in the 1980s* are by Hoover Institution staff: most of the rest follow the Hoover line closely. And most of the inner circle of Hoover Institution people represented in the book are listed as policy advisers to the Reagan campaign. It is a document about as imaginative, as humane and as generous as an income tax return.

Pride of place, not surprisingly, goes to one of the Hoover Institution's most eminent recruits, the Paul Snowden Russell Distinguished Service Professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, better known as the co-author and husband of Rose D Friedman.

The first essay in the book is an edited extract from the Friedmans' *Free to Choose*. It is here retitled (perhaps in deference to Ronald Reagan's electoral prospects?) *The Tide Is Turning*. And that, really, is the theme of the whole book. The tide is turning, they say, against New Deal liberalism, and socialism, and welfare programmes, and the self-interested stratagems of the arch-villains, who are the New Class of Left-wing academics, bureaucrats, social workers and intellectuals. All that is needed now is a last effort for America to become Number One once more, and the tide will turn against Soviet Communism as well.

Individually, some of the essays display some learning, or at least deploy a considerable amount of allegedly factual information. What is depressing about them, read collectively, is the stifling sense of uniformity. They monotonously castigate the self-interested folly of the liberals. A sarcastic self-righteousness, disagreeably reminiscent of Lenin's debating style, is the prevailing tone. You get the same clear impression you had when reading, for example, the productions of the Ford Foundation in its palmiest days, that the one thing the smart academic money does know clearly is which side of the political argument its bread is buttered on.

An essay by Martin Anderson illustrates the tone of the work generally. Anderson is an economist who worked for Nixon in the White House. It has been announced that he will not only be head of Reagan's panel of domestic and economic policy advisers, but also 'Senior Domestic Policy Adviser'. He starts from the triumphant proclamation that 'the war on poverty has been won except for a few mopping up operations'. It is a proposition that would not survive a three-dollar cab ride in the South Bronx, let alone a Greyhound bus trip across the urban Midwest. It is some time since I visited south central Alabama or the South Side of Chicago; but I find it hard to believe that Dr Anderson is speaking the literal truth when he says that poverty is no longer to be found in those two places. But of course many of the poor in each case are black, and perhaps Dr Anderson is not concerned about the economic condition of black people. Certainly the Reagan campaign is reported to have been congratulating itself that the delegates greeted the head ot the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, perhaps the most conservative major black organisation, without booing him, at the convention.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camera Press

Be that as it may, the major concern, Anderson now argues, with unemployment pushing up towards 10 per cent, must be to stop people getting welfare money who do not deserve it. And with this end he enunciates a set of conclusions, presented as academic findings, which are in fact pure conservative politics, and demagogic conservative politics at that: 'Enforce support of dependents by those who have the responsibility and are shirking it.' And more in the same vein.

In another essay, Murray L Weidenbaum, also a member of Reagan's advisory panel and a former assistant secretary of the treasury under Nixon (and incidentally an American Enterprise Institute graduate), addresses himself to government regulations of business. He ends what purports to be an academic study like this:

> Clearly, any dispassionate examination of business-government relations in the United States reveals that the public welfare now requires the policy pendulum to swing in the direction of less government intervention in private decision making.

The issues Weidenbaum has just been discussing include youth unemployment, racial equality in employment, nuclear power and the control of carcinogenic substances in manufacturing industry; all of them, it seems, to the intelligentsia of Reagan's America, self-evidently 'private' matters.

The pattern in all the essays on domestic issues is clear. What can be done about the energy shortage? Why, let the oil companies put up their prices, of course. What about the spiralling cost of health care? Deregulate the doctors. The decline of inner cities? Let there be more gentrification. To each and every problem, the same automatic instinct suggests the same answer: get government out of it, and let Business have its way. This is not even an ideological pre-occupation with the theory of the free market, so much as an obsequious faith in the ability of corporate enterprise to move mountains and raise the dead. Confronted with the shortcomings of the bold new ideas of the 1960s, these bold innovators offer instead the nostrums of the 1920s.

Later in 1976, while Jimmy Carter was getting ready to move into the White House, the inner circles of Washington were shaken by the appearance of a secret paper of potentially epoch-making importance. This was the so-called 'Team B' report, a radically revised intelligence estimate of the Soviet Union's capabilities and intentions. As concern grew about Soviet behaviour in Africa and elsewhere, and even more about Soviet strategic strength, the CIA (under Reagan's vice-presidential candidate George Bush) commissioned a new look at the Soviet Union by an alternative panel of experts. The group was chaired by the Harvard Soviet scholar Richard Pipes and was soon nicknamed Team B. It included a number of hardline military intelligence officers, notably the formidable General Daniel O. Graham, former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency. Team B's report was a sharp departure from what had been the Washington orthodoxy on the subject of Soviet intentions throughout the Kennedy-Johnson and Kissinger eras. In essence, it said the Soviet Union was aiming not at parity with the United States, but at superiority.

The corollary, for American conservatives, was plain. The Soviet Union must be planning, not for coexistence, but for world domination and perhaps for war. And the United States must no longer be content, as Henry Kissinger had said it must be content, with effective equivalence of power. America must once again be Number One.

REAGAN'S FOREIGN POLICY is rooted in the world-view of Team B. His principal foreign policy adviser is Richard Allen, a personable arch-conservative who was an adviser to Nixon in 1968 but was bureaucratically destroyed by Henry Kissinger with piranha swiftness before he could establish himself in the White House. The core of the adviser group working with Allen is made up of veterans of Team B: General Graham, William Van Cleave, Professor Pipes and Seymour Weiss, former head of politico-military affairs under Kissinger at the State department. Another key adviser is Fred Ikle, former director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and a notable sceptic about arms control.

Ikles's chapter in the Hoover Institution book is marked by Spenglerian gloom about 'the ominous sweep of present trends'. He concludes:

> Unless adverse trends can be reversed, a future American President will simply not have enough instruments of power to thwart a Soviet, or Soviet-sponsored, attack on the oilfields of those Middle Eastern countries that still dare to produce for the West in defiance of an embargo directed by Moscow.

There is a superficial contradiction between the optimism of Reagan's domestic advisers, who see few problems that business cannot overcome, if only it is freed from the trammels of creeping socialism, and the sombre tone of his foreign policy advisers. Their world view can be summarised as follows: the Soviet Union is stronger than the United States and getting stronger all the time. It means to use its strength to achieve world domination. The Soviet Union is the fount and origin of all the radical movements around the world. Detente and arms control negotiations have been a snare and a delusion. The hour is late, and these are the worst of times.

There is, however, time to repent, and the particular form repentance must take will be productive of anything but gloom in corporate boardrooms. 'If you take them at their word', the *Washington Post* reported recently, 'Ronald Reagan and his key military advisers would launch the United States on the biggest arms buildup since the dawn of the missile age two decades ago.' Reagan's military advisers are thinking in terms, not of the 3 per cent annual increase in the military budget that Carter (and Mrs Thatcher) have chosen, but of a 10 per cent or even a 20 per cent increase. That would mean higher pay for the military, a new manned bomber, a new mobile missile, and much else. It might or might not set the United States on the road to recovering strategic superiority. It would certainly bring joy to the boardrooms of the military-industrial complex in this wintry season of recession.

Through both domestic and foreign policy, it seems to me, there breathes the same spirit. The key to understanding it is the word nostalgia: yearning for the days when, as Theodore White once wrote of 1945, 'the world belonged to America', and America belonged to upper middle-class, white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant generals and lawyers and corporate executives. It is nostalgia, sometimes vented in irritated polemic against the bringers of the bad tidings that the world will not remain forever as it was in 1945, sometimes in bitter jeremiads about the decline of American power, that must be seen as the key to understanding the sulphurous mood and volatile behaviour of Reagan's America. Are the black waiters in white gloves still bringing out twenty-five cent martinis on to the terrace of the officers' club? It is no coincidence that Ronald Reagan is the oldest presidential candidate in a hundred years. Now the torch is handed back to an older generation of Americans . . .

THIS MOOD, it seems to me, deserves to be taken more seriously than it usually is by British and European radicals. It is easy to see Ronald Reagan, on the brink of presidential elevation, as the captive of business interests, just as much as he was when he was touring the country as a 'marketing tool' (their phrase, not mine) for General Electric. It is hard to believe that free agents could independently arrive by processes of disinterested thought at precisely those conclusions that would give the most pleasure to the economic interests more likely to subsidize them. Yet it is too easy to take this line. The economic interests, after all, are hardly new. The marble palace that houses the Chambers of Commerce of the United States has been staring balefully across Lafayette Park at the White House since the 1920s. Neither organised self-interest, represented by the Republican Party and its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

champions, nor the ideology that justifies that complex of interests, is a new development on the Washington scene. What is new is that a growing proportion of Americans are coming to believe conservative doctrine, and to vote for conservative politicians. For the United States has learned that, strong as it is, it cannot successfully impose the kind of political and economic system it wants everywhere in the world. And the response to this painful realisation has been to demand superiority.

The reality at home is that the United States faces severer and more deep-rooted economic problems now than at any time since the Civil War. Harsh as the Depression of the 1930's was, it never threatened the fundamental structure of an economy then on its way to becoming the world's strongest. That economy was built on limitless supplies of cheap land, cheap raw materials, and cheap energy, energetically exploited by a growing population of people better educated and better paid on the average than any other workforce on earth, and uniquely committed to technical innovation. The bitter fact is that the US economy today has lost most of those fundamental advantages, and stands in danger of losing the rest of them. And what is the response? Nostalgia for the effortless superiority of the recent past. And the cry for government to withdraw from the system at precisely the moment when it has become clear that only government can save it.

Do the majority of Americans really want to destroy the structure of social reform that was achieved between 1933 and 1968? And if so, how much affinity can we feel for them? It is not the Western Alliance that Reagan and his friends want to make Number One, it is the United States of America. How much enthusiasm can we all be expected to feel for old fashioned nationalism of that kind? Not the least of the dangers threatened by the prospect of a Reagan victory is that represented by a vision of the United States that America's friends around the world will find it increasingly hard to identify with. It is customary for progressive minded persons to say vaguely of Ronald Reagan that he frightens them. My reaction is like that of the Duke of Wellington reviewing ill-equipped disaffected infantry. I do not know what the enemies of the United States feel about Ronald Reagan, though I can guess: they must want nothing better than to see him in the White House, because that would verify all the calumnies they have been putting out about the United States over all these years. I do know that I am not an enemy of the United States, and by God, he frightens me.

JOURNALISM

Mutton dressed as lamb

When Now! magazine was launched a year ago it promised to 'provide a range and power of coverage of British and world affairs which at present is just not on offer'. FRANCIS WHEEN reports.

THE LOSSES of *Now!* are undisclosed, but believed to be in millions. A circulation of 135,000 is not much cause for jubilation either, given the paper's claim to be the first British news magazine cast in the image of many successful ventures on the continent. Moreover, these sales have been bought only with massive promotional, editorial and production expenditure.

For a news magazine *Now!* relies remarkably heavily on chequebook journalism for its 'scoops' — the acquisition of serial rights to the scribblings of ne'er-do-wells (notably Nixon and the Shah) and the commissioning of opinion polls. There is little news in *Now!* but it tries to make its readers believe otherwise by whipping up an atmosphere of urgency and self-importance, especially through the weekly 'Letter to our Readers'.

Take the issue of 2 May, when *Now!* wrote about Carter's bungled attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran:

> It was as last week's issue of *Now!* was being pushed through the nation's letter-boxes and ranged on newsagents' counters that word broke of America's tragic and abortive bid to free the Tehran hostages. Immediately the home and office telephones of senior editorial staff buzzed with the urgent consultations involved in assigning and re-assigning writers and photographers to cover one of the most important stories of recent years.

Thrilling stuff, although the piece which resulted from all this assigning was predictable in the extreme ('The American people were in a mood of frustrated anger' etc) and the re-assigned photographers must have taken a wrong turning somewhere, as all the photos used to illustrate the piece were agency pictures.

Consider, too, the 'Letter to our Readers' of 14 December last year:

> The Shah of Iran's outspoken criticisms of America's role in his fall from power — which *Now!* began serialising exclusively in the United Kingdom last week — have reverberated round the world.

Or 3 April this year, writing about Nixon's new book *The Real War:*

> In accordance with our policy of being in the forefront of world events, *Now!* magazine has secured the serialisation rights.

Or how about this?

> Here is the long opening instalment of a new serial that is bound to create a sensation throughout the English-speaking world. It tells of a vast alliance between the Bolsheviks and China's hidden millions. For years gigantic preparations have been in progress — at last the time to strike has arrived!

Actually the last quote comes from a 1920s issue of *Chums* magazine, introducing a piece called 'The Red Deluge' by Captain Frank H. Shaw, but it would not seem out of place in any issue of *Now!*

On 18 January this year *Now!* published an eight page 'scenario' of Russian military expansion into Western Europe in 1983, adding helpfully that 'the story which follows is fiction. But it could all too easily become fact'. It is worth noting that the American leader in this fiction is 'President Edward Kennedy', who, we learn, 'had narrowly defeated Carter for the nomination in 1980 and had gone on to defeat the Republicans in the presidential election later in the year.' Another world exclusive bites the dust.

At least *Now!* admitted that this particular story was fiction. It is less open about most of its fantasies. There is, of course, no harm in a team of people producing a weekly right-wing propaganda sheet, if that is their bent, but there is considerable cause for complaint if these people try to pass it off as something else; in this case as a straight 'newsmagazine', beholden to no one and dedicated only to the truth. When *Now!* hires as its Salisbury correspondent a man called Chris Reynolds, it does not see fit to tell its readers that this man has just left the employ of the Rhodesian Ministry of Information. When it publishes a piece by Robert Moss, it describes him merely as an 'intelligence expert', which is rather like calling Al Capone a 'crime expert'. When it employs Brian Crozier as a regular columnist it doesn't waste space explaining that he used to be a hired gun for the CIA-backed Forum World Features.

Most impressively of all, in its first year *Now!* has carried two separate interviews with Richard Nixon and three long extracts from his latest book without once giving us reason to suppose that his political career was anything other than an unqualified triumph. It might be said, rightly, that the facts of Indochina, Watergate and Nixon's resignation are well known; but it is nevertheless symptomatic of *Now!'s* attitude to truth that it is determined to re-write history even in cases where the record is so well-documented as to be pretty well graven in stone. This is how Nixon was introduced to the readers of *Now!* on 3 April:

> The vindication of Richard Nixon's foreign policy continues apace . . . It is now widely accepted that Nixon's view of the threat to world peace during his White House years was more perceptive than that of any other Western leader.

When someone says that a view is widely accepted it is always reasonable to ask: where is it accepted?

We don't have to wait long for an answer: the view that Nixon deserves a place in *Butler's Lives of the Saints* is 'widely accepted' by Anthony Shrimsley, editor of *Now!* He makes it clear from the opening question of his first 'world exclusive interview' with Nixon that this is to be a no-holds-barred grapple:

> *Shrimsley:* In the last four years or so, there seems to have grown up a feeling, certainly in Britain, that the West and particularly the United States does not have quite the same grip on international events as it did when Richard Nizon was in the White House. Now how do you react to that?

Understandably enough, Nixon reacts to that by interpreting it as an invitation to give his Mendacity-mobile an unrestricted cruise down the freeway.

The odd thing about *Now!'s* genuflecting style of journalism and interviewing is that the paper claims to be something of an authority on the techniques of reporting. The 'Letter to our Readers' in the issue of 8 February begins: 'We like, at *Now!*, to be not only up-to-date with the news but occasionally ahead of it.' It goes on to say that the magazine has commissioned a Marplan poll on public attitudes to the Royal Family, and has found that a majority of those interviewed think that the Queen should abdicate at some unspecified date in the future in order to let Prince Charles take over before he becomes too old. The letter then ends in splendid style: 'The *Now!* survey discovered a change. There is a word which describes what might be called the unexpected reply to an intelligent question. It's called News.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stand on your own one foot

In the face of stiff competition, Reg Prentice, the Minister for the Disabled, stands a good chance of being the most callous and boneheaded member of the current government. He takes positive pride in repeatedly telling the disabled that they must 'take their share of the cuts'. For many disabled people these cuts are a double attack on their living standard. With generally lower than average incomes, they have to cope with higher than average living expenses in the way of transport, housing, heating and so on. On top of this difficulty they are now faced with cuts in the few, quite recently introduced, services provided by the state. In reply to pleas that the government should introduce minimum standards of service to protect disabled people Prentice recently said on the BBC radio programme *Does He Take Sugar?:* 'The people of this country, the ratepayers — including the disabled ratepayers — are demanding that the government saves money'. When the point that disabled people are taking a double cut was put to him Prentice replied: 'If I suddenly became disabled and I was asked to pay 20p or 30p for attendance at a centre, I could afford it and I see no reason why I shouldn't pay . . . If I go to a local swimming bath I pay a charge to go in. I also realise that part of the cost of that swimming bath is being met by the ratepayers as a whole and therefore I am being partly subsidised . . .'

The undercurrent of social intimidation in these remarks characterised a speech Prentice made in July at a Rotary Club about employing the disabled. He said everything pointed 'to them being better than average attenders. I think I know why. The disabled find getting a job difficult even in the best of economic climates. If they do manage to get one then they are highly motivated to keep it . . . They are not tempted to take the odd day off simply because they are feeling a little bit under the weather.' He went on, naturally enough, to say that any extra costs of employing disabled people would be more than recouped by the higher quality of their work.

These chilling opinions come from a man who claims to care about the disabled. It is hard to believe that anyone who knew anything of the plight of disabled people — over two thirds of whom are over 65 years old — would think that the economic position of an MP was remotely relevant to that of a disabled person or that the help they received was equivalent to a leisurely visit to the swimming baths. As HANNAH WRIGHT shows here Reg Prentice has an enormous amount to learn about disability in Britain today.

TO BECOME DISABLED is to be trapped permanently within a net. If, like me, you are registered blind (with navigable vision) the net is loose and light, frustrating me in some activities only. If, like the North London woman who describes her daily life below, you are crippled by arthritis (as over 200,000 people in Britain are) the net is much tighter. Pain is such a power in her life that, like the Jewish God, it can only be spoken of in euphemisms ('a rough patch' is a state in which the 15 feet between her armchair and the lavatory are almost too much to bear). Her rheumatoid arthritis has spread over the years to affect nearly every joint in her body, and has given rise to other disabilities: obesity, hiatus hernia, damaged kidneys and a foot ulcer so bad that when she complained to the doctor of feeling as though she was walking on a pebble, he said, 'I am not surprised; a bone in your foot has broken right through the flesh.'

But such physical miseries are only half the problem. Handicaps are as much social as physical and are every bit as crippling: the superior attitudes and ever-so-kindly condescension that many people adopt towards a bulgy misshapen woman in a wheelchair; the perpetual struggle to stave off the nightmare of the long stay hospital; keeping in with home-helps, neighbours, ambulance drivers, doctors and government employees; the fibs, the subterfuges, and the small degradations that are the only ways to maintain a private life. Poverty makes dependence necessary.

Poverty prevents her buying economical or specially adapted equipment. Poverty prevents her visiting friends. Poverty denies her the luxury of giving presents to friends and neighbours in return for services. Worse still, poverty makes it unlikely that she will know much about the best diet for her condition and unlikelier still that she could arrange it for herself. And she is one of the lucky ones. Of the estimated 3 million disabled people in Britain 2 million are over 65. Not only are they unlikely to have retained this woman's lively intelligence,but they don't qualify for her lifeline — the mobility allowance — either. Not surprisingly, according to Professor Peter Townsend, 73 per cent of disabled people over 65 live on the borders of, or below, the state poverty line.

Added to this is the fact that the older you get the more disabilities multiply. I know an old widower of 85. He is registered blind, hard of hearing and has a reduced sense of touch from seven minor strokes. He also has a hiatus hernia, and had his gangrenous left leg removed two years ago. He is still living independently, but not for much longer as his right leg is now packing up. If he didn't know me he would also have scurvy because his turn of the century up-bringing and lack of interest in cooking had him eating tinned meat, white bread, biscuits, meat pies and cakes.

WHEN I WAS WORKING in a day centre for the physically handicapped, I asked all those who lived independently to write down everything they ate and drank for a week, and then checked it against the Department of Health's table of recommended intake of nutrients. Out of twelve, ten showed a marked deficiency of one of the B Vitamins, Vitamin C, D or iron. All these people were under 65 and alert enough to come to a day centre. I wouldn't mention this tin-pot effort if anyone else had done something better, but they haven't. The Department of Health have finally published a report on a 1972 survey of nutrition and health in the elderly, but this was never intended to be representative. It included only those who were still able to live at home and were healthy enough to participate in the project. In this survey of our fitter old people, 30 per cent were found to be Vitamin B2 deficient, 19 per cent B6 deficient and 18 per cent Vitamin C deficient. Seven per cent were defined as suffering from malnutrition.

David Thurnhan, of the Institute of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, who assisted in the biochemical work for this survey, says that there are no proven physiological or pathological effects of subclinical levels of vitamin deficiency. Dr Louise Davies, who runs the geriatric unit of London University's Queen Elizabeth College of Nutrition, disagrees with him, as do many American researchers. She says that mental and physical depression would be the first symptoms,

NEW STATESMAN

can be delivered to your doorstep every week if you take out a postal subscription. You can subscribe for six months or a full year. If you have a subscription it will not matter if your local newsagent has sold out.

Rates for a full year are as follows (rates for six months are exactly half):— UK — £20: Overseas surface — £22.50: Airmail — Europe £27; Middle East £29; Africa, India £30.50; Australasia £32; USA $69; Canada $80.

If you wish to subscribe please complete the form below and send it with your sterling or dollar cheque/international money order to **Subscription Manager, New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1.**

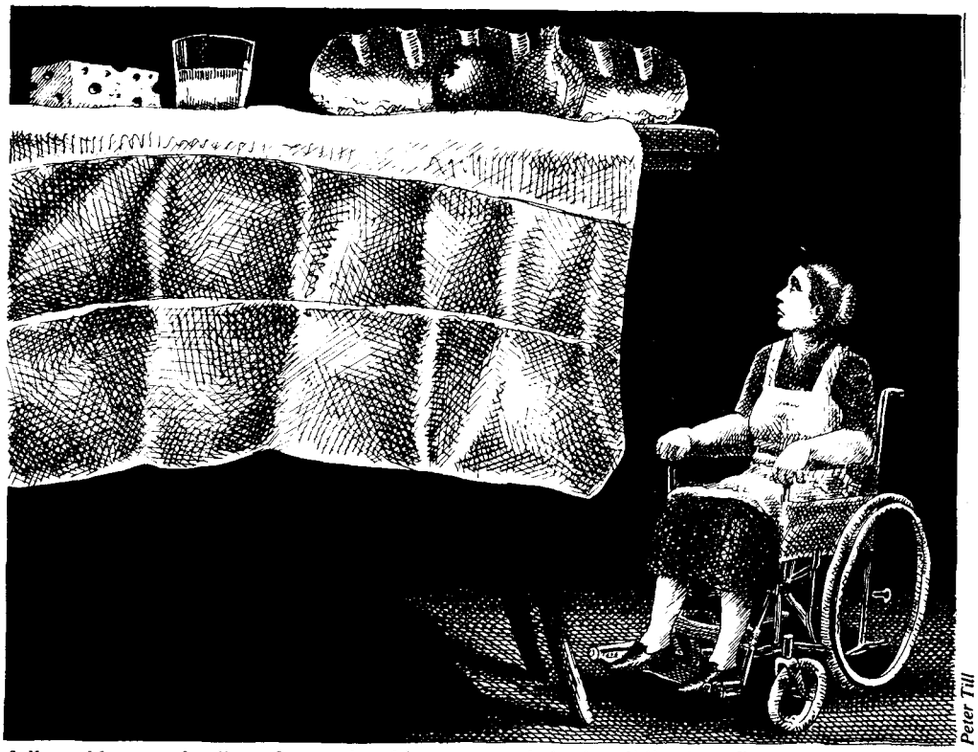
Name/ Address .....

.....

.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Peter Till

followed by poor healing of wounds, old scars breaking open, and easy bruising and pressure sores. It is enough to be disabled, old and poor without also being permanently depressed and subjected to unnecessary bruises and sores.

The long-term solution to this problem is obviously a larger income coupled with education in living skills adapted to the needs of different disabled groups. In the short term a daily vitamin and mineral supplement could be provided for all those at risk. To know how many are teetering on the brink of malnourishment there has to be a proper survey. While she sympathised with the problem, Dr Sylvia Darke, senior nutritionist in the Department of Health, said that if a properly organised and well-qualified suggestion for a survey were sent to the Department, she would submit it to all the committees alongside all the other research suggestions, but she didn't think it was necessarily the most sensible way to spend that amount of money. With the extent of malnutrition among the disabled undefined, the problem and its victims can safely be left under the carpet, where they have always been. A vitamin and mineral supplement which would at least widen the mesh of their particular nets, will never be offered.

Here then is what it is like to be disabled in your forties, with £38.80 a week to live on trying to feed yourself; with the mobility allowance and the invalidity benefit as your only knife and fork.

'Sometimes my home help will have prepared something to eat that's easy to manage and left it in the fridge. But sometimes you literally can't get there and sometimes you feel so low you can't be bothered to eat, so it's wasted. Or maybe you've cut up some salad stuff yourself and just walking those six steps back to the fridge, you can't be bothered, so it stays out, gets uneatable and is thrown away.

I do like to eat fresh food. I love to experiment with vegetables and soups and so on and even now if I go to Safeways in the ambulance and see all those lovely vegetables I think 'Ooh yes I'll do that and try this.' I get them home and it's wasted unless someone happens to come in and offers to peel them. But someone might prepare you something for the next day and then the hernia starts acting up and all I can take is milk or very softly scrambled eggs, so that's something else to be discreetly wrapped and thrown away.

Food that is good for one part of you is often bad for another. When my legs and hands are bad the easiest food is bread, cheese, milk and biscuits. The packets are easy to open and the food doesn't need preparation. But I have a weight problem being in a wheelchair and on steroids, and convenience food is generally fattening.

With frozen foods it's often difficult to get into the packet, so that too may go into a bag, so you can't see what it is, and down the chute. It's funny, a bit of stupid pride I suppose, I don't want anyone to see it and think I'm being wasteful. Literally loads of stuff gets thrown down that chute.

Before I was at the day centre I was dependent for all my shopping on my neighbour and my home help. So my neighbour would take the list and the money. But maybe she wouldn't be able to buy one thing, so she'd very kindly get an alternative, and sometimes it was a food I didn't like or found difficult to prepare. You can't turn round and say 'will you take it back' or 'I don't like that', so you wrap it up discreetly so as not to hurt her feelings, and stick it down the chute.

I remember one time my neighbour couldn't find the fish I asked for, so she bought conger eel, which was a favourite in her family. She said it's lovely, you'll enjoy it and told me this long process of cooking it and making the sauce. It's a shame really. If she'd been a different kind of person I could have turned round and said 'Look I won't eat it. It's too difficult to prepare and I don't fancy it. You use it.' But I couldn't. It would have broken the relationship up and I was dependent on her.

People are genuinely kind, but in order to be kind they have to fit themselves into their picture of you. They need to feel you are a bit dependent on them and are a bit put out if you aren't. You get a sensation sometimes as if they need to pay a debt, as if you have to be someone's good turn for the day. You get the ones who treat you in a gushy sentimental way, usually giving you something you don't want and you know instinctively that they are going to go away and tell people how they helped some poor disabled creature. I remember a neighbour knocking at the door with some two day old stew which her husband wouldn't eat any more. 'It'll be just the thing for you.'

I'm very lucky with my home help just now. Mary's West Indian and she never had any preconceived ideas about me. I think it's because she's coloured and people automatically expect certain things of coloured people in the same way as they do of disabled people, so she's aware of the problem. In the past I've had difficulties with asking a home help just to buy two sausages (two is enough for one meal and you don't know how you'll feel in the morning). They were embarrased to ask the butcher for just two sausages because he's going to think that they won't lay money out. In fact they are going to be treated like a disabled person. When I do get out to the shops, if there is something I want at two prices the assistant always takes it for granted that I will want the cheaper one. I may decide that the more expensive will last longer or suit my purpose better but because I'm in a wheelchair she's so sure I'll have the cheaper one.

Of course it is very difficult to manage on invalidity benefit. £26.40 a week I get now; that includes £3 old age allowance for becoming disabled in my forties. It's a bit easier now I get the mobility allowance of £12.40 a week. Before I got it I really only managed to exist because of generous friends. Now I mentally put aside the mobility money for gas, electricity, phone and T.V. licence. Perhaps at Christmas I'll use nearly all of it in one ride to see friends. These come to about £140 a quarter (there's the rent and rates on top of course) and the mobility allowance is £153 or so. That's being very creful with heating and hot water. I economise when I'm alone. The heating tends to get slammed on a quarter of an hour before someone arrives.

I won't stint on electric light — in my condition it's not sensible to be stumbling around in the half dark. If I get a big bill in I tend to skimp on food. I end up eating stodgy things because they're cheap, which isn't too good for my weight problem. If I've got half a roll, a bit on the stalish side, I'll think 'Now if I'm going to toast this, it means lighting up the whole grill, so I'll stick a bit of Flora and cheese on top then I won't notice the dryness underneath.' Mind you I don't do these things when other people are around. But if it's a cold wet day and you're eating a stalish roll instead of a nice hot toasted cheese, it makes you feel a bit deprived. Those are the kind of silly little things that eat into you.

It's not that I mind saying that I haven't the money. I can't stand the repercussions and knowing the story will be half round the neighbourhood in a couple of days. Before the mobility allowance I used to spend most of the evenings in bed because then I only had the bedside light on instead of the TV, the light and maybe some heating. I literally didn't have any money. I had one and a half slices of bread, one egg, two cream crackers and a small square of cheese to go through from Wednesday to Friday. It's easier now with the mobility allowance, but I still had a rent problem a few months ago. The person who dealt with that officially made me feel as if I'd just crawled out of the woodwork carrying a begging-bowl. You use up all your mental energy just getting around. You haven't any left over for fighting. You run out of steam. I can just about manage at present so long as nothing goes wrong. But I can't save up for equipment that would make things easier like maybe a microwave oven. I should say that if I had £40 clear and my mobility allowance it would take the pressure off. I could go and see friends at weekends if I felt well enough, and with good management I could save up for things and have the heating on a reasonable amount. Then I'd be like ordinary people who work for a living. You know careful, but managing.'

THEOSOPHY
THE WISDOM RELIGION

Theosophy is a restatement of the eternal truths behind all the world's religions. It is a comprehensive non-sectarian, non-dogmatic religious philosophy, incorporating knowledge of Nature's inner laws and processes. All serious religious scholars and aspirants should have some knowledge of at least its basic principles.

Write for information to:

THE BLAVATSKY TRUST (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐Kellner's Law holds that organisations are incapable of doing to themselves what they are designed to do to others. Thus: Whitehall is supposed to run Britain, but is lousy at managing the Civil Service; trade unions are prone to dreadful internal industrial relations; and the headquarters of the Department of the Environment undoubtedly occupies London's ugliest office block. To which list I must now add the insane communications inside Times Newspapers. On Tuesday night last week, Dugal Nisbet-Smith, TNL's managing director, proposed a fudged compromise that the journalists' strike committee said they would accept — if it was made a formal offer. I'll put it to the full Thomson board tomorrow morning, said Nisbet-Smith. But the board dithered all day, and then told him: OK, but first try once more to impose the original, rejected offer. So when the strike committee arrived on Thursday morning expecting to have the Tuesday night deal on paper, Nisbet-Smith said instead: 'I have a new proposal to make.' At which point the committee walked out, and it wasn't until Thursday afternoon that William Rees-Mogg, *The Times*'s editor, told the committee they could have the Tuesday deal after all. Which is why *The Times* could have reappeared last Thursday, but did not in fact materialise until Saturday.

☐For me it was a curious end to eleven years on the staff of the *Sunday Times* — wondering at times whether I might have to spend my last week on a picket line, before joining the *New Statesman*. But the *Sunday Times* journalists displayed a realistic degree of cowardice, and continually deferred decisions until *The Times* settled — a strategy to which I, as a member of the chapel committee, must admit to contributing. At one point our committee saw Nisbet-Smith, who told us that he had ten people working flat out on options for closing *The Times;* but I think he was bluffing, for the Thomson board meeting sounds like a pretty ill-informed affair. Nisbet-Smith conceded that while they contemplated closing *The Times*; but I think he was bluffing, for the the title, still try and keep the *Sunday Times* going, or anything like that. 'It wasn't one of those calm, rational meetings,' he told us; 'we were discussing the future of *The Times*.' If one thought appals me more than *The Times* being killed in cold blood, it is *The Times* being killed in a fit of pique.

☐My memories of Grays Inn Road, though, aren't all bad. I recall with some affection the weekend before the February 1974 general election, when the *Sunday Times* came close to jettisoning 150 years of loyal support for the Tories: 'We feel unenthusiastic about endorsing them. Had Labour a coherent incomes policy and a more realistic attitude to Europe we would vote for them.' The detailed, agonised heart-searching that led to this conclusion lasted, I can now reveal, exactly 15 seconds. On my way into the sixth-floor Gents that Saturday afternoon I bumped into Harry Evans, the *ST*'s editor, who was rushing out, clutching a proof copy of the leader page. Had I read his editorial? I had. What did I think of it? Well, I replied, I couldn't understand why it gave an unqualified recommendation to vote Tory: it slated the Heath record, and, apart from incomes policy and Europe, the logic of the leader's argument surely pointed to a Labour vote. 'You're right,' Harry said, and scribbled in the words quoted above.

☐Mind you, I am not sure quite how impeccable my credentials are for joining the *NS*. A few months ago I co-authored a book on the Civil Service, leading *The Times* to describe me as 'moderate and rational'. Yet here I am, sharing a Great Turnstile office with Duncan Campbell, whom Fleet Street lore considers extreme and ferocious. Perhaps it's the *New Statesman*'s idea of balance. Another thought strikes me: if Kellner's Law holds, won't a socialist newspaper like this have a management style that is . . . but no, I must dispel these unworthy suspicions.

☐One criticism I hear from some of my *NS*-reading friends is that the paper always seems to be criticising people: why can't we sometimes say something *nice* for a change? Here goes. Sir Derek Rayner, the joint managing director of Marks & Spencer, is a remarkable and wonderful man. You may think there is nothing particularly stunning about that; but Margaret Thatcher thinks the same, and that worries me. Sir Derek is the man trying to make the Civil Service more efficient. To the Prime Minister, of course, that means cutting jobs and public spending. Yet I've always felt that making the public sector more efficient should be a socialist aim. Central government, local authorities and nationalised industries have a poor reputation, and often not without cause. And because Labour governments have bothered little about waste, it makes it easy for the Tories to discredit the public sector, start dismantling it, and gain the credit for inserting waste-cutters in the bits that remain — like Rayner in Whitehall, and Leslie Chapman in London Transport. The next time Tony Benn or Labour's NEC promise to control some more of the commanding heights, I hope they also come up with some thoughts for improving the ones we already have.

☐A few weeks ago in the *NS* Christopher Hitchens demonstrated the absurdity of Britain's nuclear defence preparations. I regret I must add some fresh evidence. Pat Arrowsmith, the aggressive pacifist, lives on the top floor of a Haringey council flat, and recently decided to test the advice in the government booklet *Protect and Survive* to 'make arrangements now with your landlord for alternative shelter accommodation if you can'. She couldn't. Pat's landlord is, of course, Haringey Council, which duly gave her a runaround before explaining that the advice only referred to flats five or more storeys high. Pat's is four storeys. Now, I also live in the borough, and just up the road are some six-storey flats. So I rang ex-wing commander Sam Hatton, Haringey's Emergency Planning Officer, and asked if he had any alternative accommodation lined up for *their* residents. He hadn't; nor had he received any word from the Home Office that he was supposed to provide any. His considered view of *Protect and Survive,* by the way, is that 'it is a load of tosh' and that most people who construct the booklet's advised 'inner refuge' will be radiated to a frazzle. 'Build lots of Anderson shelters covered with two feet of earth' would be his answer. I am not sure whether to be horrified by all this, or marginally reassured that Haringey does at least possess an evidently practical man in charge of these things. Eleven London boroughs, the GLC tells me, have no Emergency Planning Officer at all. For the record, they are: Barnet, Brent, Croydon, Enfield, Hackney, Harrow, Islington, Kensington & Chelsea, Lambeth, Kingston, and Redbridge.

☐Last year some enterprising media-watchers in America analysed an issue of the *Wall Street Journal,* and discovered that much of it had been written wholly from company press handouts, without even rudimentary checking. It would be interesting to apply the same test here to *The Times* and the *Financial Times.* In the past few days both have reported management changes at the top of Vickers, following its takeover of Rolls-Royce motors. Had either telephoned Vickers' Millbank offices to get more information from Henry James, the public relations adviser to the Vickers board, they would have discovered that the handout omitted the most interesting bit of information of all: that James himself — a past press officer for Prime Ministers ranging from Wilson to Thatcher — had been sacked. It is, of course, all being done in the most gentlemanly way: he stays on the payroll, taking holiday leave, until the end of October, and after that he will have an unspecified consultancy deal with the company. But the fact remains that James was not consulted about the public relations changes, does not agree with them, and last Friday he cleared his desk.

Peter Kellner

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐Speculation that it was Professor David Myddleton's implacable opposition to current cost accounting that caused him to be banned from jury service in the 'anarchists trial' last year have been quashed. — *Accountancy Age* (Marianne Neville-Rolfe)

☐Please advise me as to how I can best protect my stamp collection, in the event of a nuclear war, from the hazards of intense heat and high radiation levels. Also, would the resulting radiation affect the phosphor reaction of my specialised collection of Chambon 'dull orange'? — Letter in *Stamp Collecting* (N.R.Landon).

☐'It is coincidental that this estate has a house on it which is suitable for the Prince of Wales. The Royal Family are rather short of residences and the Prince only has a set of rooms at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle that he can use.' — *The Times* (Amanda Welles)

☐People who indulge in sex before marriage, homosexuality or adultery should be locked up, says a vicar. The practices should be outlawed because they corrupt society, says the Rev Owen Leigh-Williams of St Andrew's, Basildon. He calls in his parish magazine for new prisons to house the offenders. — *Sunday Express* (Leo Frain)

☐About a dozen members of the English Collective of Prostitutes waved to her as she went. Afterwards, one member described her as 'the typical whore with a golden heart', who once refused to charge a vicar because he was bankrupt. — *Guardian* (John Candey)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Austria's new deal

From Veronika Reisenberger

Austria's flourishing production of and trade in arms is not a 'dirty little secret' any longer as it has been widely discussed recently in connection with a proposed profitable deal with Pinochet's Chile. In the NS of 8 August Christopher Hitchens wondered what was going to happen. Here is what happened.

On 19 August the Austrian government decided not to approve the sale of tanks for Chile. But this decision came only after pressure from various organisations including Socialist, Catholic and communist organisations, Amnesty International, student bodies and parts of the Austrian trade unions, especially the union of railway workers. The leader of the latter announced that this union would boycott any transport of arms for Chile. Three thousand people marched through the city of Vienna to the office of Federal Chancellor Kreisky protesting against the proposed deal. Twenty-five Austrian and exiled Chilean people went in for 24 hours' hunger strike.

But this affair also revealed divergences within the governing Socialist party with some leading members of the Socialist party and trade unions justifying the deal for the sake of job security whereas others strictly opposed it, appealing to the principle of international solidarity. Owing to support by public opinion the latter succeeded.

Johannagasse 27/5, 1050 Wien, Austria

America's second war

From R. G. Kershaw

May I reply to just two points in John Pilger's letter (NS 29 August)? The comment by Sihanouk that the Pol Pot government turned down all Hanoi's peace proposals comes in chapter 11, not chapter 12 of *Chroniques de Guerre*. Still, it is not in contradiction with the thesis of chapter 12 that Hanoi laid its plans for conquest in 1977 (cf p. 142) — it simply shows that Hanoi had good (self-interested) reason for its action. And with this I agree. I have never been a Khmer Rouge supporter — though a misguided contribution to the Red Cross last year may have made me 'objectively' pro! But I cannot overlook large chunks of the relevant history. Even the *Far Eastern Economic Review* of 23 February 1979 (at odds with Derek Davies's letter of 22 August) suggested that Hanoi made its decision no later than February 1978 and that by then consultations with the Soviet Union were already well advanced.

Keynes College, The University, Canterbury, Kent

Alternatives to doomsday

From Dachine Rainer

One can scarcely fail to agree with the perturbation of your correspondent Simon Shaw (NS 29 August) However, it appears to me that unless we have satisfactory explanation for our arrival at the brink of annihilation, we cannot presume to know how to undo the mischief. May I recommend that we reflect on two propositions? 'War is the health of the state' (Randolph Bourne). And, no governments or politicians, not even the least noxious of them, are going to give up power voluntarily. The notion of H.J. Abrams that 'an international army' can 'enforce' peace strikes me as not only absurd but as revealing ignorance of the causes of our situation. We are not at this place fortuitously. We can expect nothing of the persons and institutions that brought us to it.

Sorry that I cannot think of a solution that would appear to have a remote chance. Scientific progress and psychotic politicians, despite all warnings, are going to have it their way.

57 Eaton Terrace, London SW 1

Public transport

From Simon Norton

I am glad to see publicity given to the impending threat to our bus services (NS 8 August). Surely this forms the greatest threat to the freedom of most people to result from the cuts. Despite all talk of a leisure revolution people will not be able to share its fruits if they cannot travel outside work/school/shop hours, and sometimes now they cannot expect local authorities to cater for even these essential needs. As the days are long gone when bus feeders to railheads could make up a co-ordinated network, it should be obvious that local authority control is inappropriate and that the problem should be viewed nationally. Yet national publicity has been minimal, users are not represented at any stage of the decision-making process, on either general or specific matters, and if they do trouble to present their views they are choked off with excuses that should not satisfy a child. Worse yet, the demand for medium-distance travel has been largely suppressed by an appalling publicity and information network which can contemplate with equanimity the stranding of passengers in mid-journey.

Is anyone tackling these problems, let alone solving them? Those who feel that the present situation needs urgent action are invited to contact me at the given address.

Department of Pure Maths and Mathematical Statistics, 16 Mill Lane, Cambridge

When is an exile not an exile?

From Neil Ackermann & Keith H. Hendry

As contemporaries of Ivan Himmelhoch at the University of Cape Town our immediate reaction on hearing that he was a BOSS agent (NS 15 August) was of short-lived amusement. But, on reflection, it is not funny at all. However menial his role and however foolish his motives, he chose to be part of that vicious inner circle which intends to maintain white supremacy in South Africa. His actions may have contributed to the oppression, detention and possibly the deaths of those opposing apartheid. Now, without a sign of remorse but moaning self-pityingly about never being able to see his aged grandmother again, he has declared himself a political exile. What a fraud!

By his own admission Ivan Himmelhoch was willing to purchase deferment from military service with the lives of others. Now, with his half-baked 'exposé in your magazine, he is trying to dignify his cowardice and rationalise his temporary involvement with BOSS in the hope that the publicity will convice others of his need for political asylum. By all means let Britain welcome genuine war resisters and political refugees but not one who now claims that he 'could not face the thought of joining the ranks to protect South Africa' but who, by joining BOSS, did precisely that.

129 Riversdale Road, London N5

Welsh matters

From D. M. Perkins

The question of a Welsh-language television service is a controversial one in Wales if nowhere else and Julian Barnes's superficial comments (NS 22 August) do no justice to his standing as a critic or to the question. There *is* urgent need of a Welsh-language television channel for the simple reason that television is such a powerful and pervasive medium. The Welsh language has struggled for centuries against great odds, the greatest until the advent of television being English education. At the turn of the century some 50 per cent of the people in Wales knew the language. The figure now stands at around 20 per cent.

What the Tories have reneged on is a promise to set up a television channel which would be 50 per cent Welsh, i.e. some 25 hours a week. These hours would be at peak times and not, as at present, spread at random over two channels. The resources could be concentrated and further funds made available so that standards could be raised.

The question is the survival of an ancient language which is in dire danger. I could not expect someone whose language and culture are in such an unassailable position to grasp just how threatened and vulnerable a small minority feels. Please just accept that we want to see the survival and renaissance of the oldest extant language in Europe.

2 Picton Terrace, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Gwynedd

Endorsement

From Dr Aziz Kurtha

Hailing as I do from the birth-place of the Bank of Credit and Commerce and its pretentious progeny the Third World Foundation/Review/*South*, may I congratulate you and Tariq Ali for refreshingly outspoken comments in the London Diary (NS 8 August). Owing largely to the bottomless funds at their disposal they have achieved a falsely hallowed reputation.

PO Box 4494, Dubai

The many faces of truth

From Ged Van

The attitude of Paul Preston (NS 8 August) demonstrates why no definitive book on the Spanish Civil War has yet appeared: nearly all the scholars recreate the barricades and trenches of 1936-39 and then proceed to view the events of the period from them. Mr Preston, for instance, declares that 'loyalist Spain faced certain defeat in the winter of 1936 . . .' That was the view of many Loyalists in Madrid, but it certainly was not the view of Franco: he believed that *he* faced almost certain defeat. He had been most reluctant to open the attack on Madrid and for good reasons: he was confronted with the almost certain prospect that his revolt was going to be taken over by his 'allies', the Germans and Italians and that he himself would be relieved of command because 'inexperienced and lacking the ability to conduct such a campaign' (according to a German report to Hitler). Franco feared that the scheme was not only to take over his revolt, but to take over Spain as well . . . until the Germans and Italians got caught up by their own arrogance and were responsible for humiliating defeats, to Franco's vast relief. If there is a lesson here for the historians, it is never to be certain of *anything* concerning the wars they write about: the soldiers who fight them never are.

1529 Comox Street, Vancouver, Canada

Women in publishing

From Peter Owen

May I point out (NS 29 August) that some of the most important people in publishing are women. To mention only some of them — Norah Smallwood (Chatto), Livia Gollancz, Marion Boyars, Gloria Ferris (Quartet), Carmen Callil (Virago), Stephanie Dowrick (Women's Press), Elfrieda Powell (Constable) and my own editorial director Beatrice Musgrave. One of the most powerful figures in international publishing for many years has been Helen Meyer in New York. Ability, not sex, is the key to the board room.

Peter Owen Ltd., 73 Kenway Road, London SW 5

Kennedy's nights

From E. J. Griffith

For all I know, Senator Kennedy might very well be in the habit of 'laying awake in the stilly watches of the night' (NS 22 August). But what, one might well ask, is he laying? My admittedly meagre understanding of the verb has always been associated with, inter alia, the installation of carpets and other floor coverings, the production of eggs, and so on.

1a Park Road, Nailsworth, Glos.

Information wanted

Guild Socialists: papers, letters, photographs of members of the National Guilds League (1915-1926) outside the main collections at Nuffield College and Hull.

Jack Vowles, History Dept., University of Otago, PO Box 56, Dunedin, New Zealand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Bon appétit

Although I have been tremendously fond all my life of almost anything that can remotely be called food, I have never been able to find a place in my heart for cloves. They certainly play no part in the culinary activities that enliven and make fragrant the rear quarters of 'Myrtlebank'. I always enjoy hearing ladies who take no interest in words or language or literature and who never read, say proudly and defiantly 'I'm not a very booky person'. Well, we at 'Myrtlebank' are very far from being clovey. I am afraid that if those Michelin experts were ever to be let loose, which God forbid, in my kitchen, their verdict at its politest would be *cuisine bourgeoise et simple.*

A clove was so called, I hardly need to remind you, booky persons all, because it resembled a nail and it is the dried flower bud, or so my Webster informs me, of a myrtaceous tree that is to be seen at its best in the Moluccas which, for those who never majored in geog, are Indonesian islands. To think that those dried flower buds, tenderly gathered, travel all the way to Britain in order to ruin, in my opinion, our apple pies and, despite the strong verbal connection between 'myrtaceous' and the stately residence in which I live and write, we do not here give them house room.

But cloves may, I now discover, have a usefulness unconnected with edibility and flavouring. As most holiday-makers who plump for the Mediterranean will know, it is not easy to find an area for which holidaying mosquitoes have not also plumped and where they immodestly join one in one's bedroom, longing, in their abandoned way, for intimate physical contact. I found that the Amalfi mosquitoes (Italian ones tend to drop in for a chat and a bite about 11 p.m. and are not keen on taking *No* for an answer) could be discouraged with the aid of an effective insect repellent called DUSK (such a good name). Best of all, of course, is a mosquito-net, stuffy though the air it encloses may become but, in the absence of both nets and repellents, I read recently of an alternative, which is to cut an orange in half, spike each half with cloves and then lay them, clove side up, on a table at each side of the bed. How efficient a discourager this ARP is I cannot say, and visually it may look like one of those new art forms (Composition with Cloves and Orange) for which artists sometimes receive grants and at which sceptical old buffers like me cackle their heads off, but at least it seems worth, for those who possess both cloves and oranges (and mosquitoes) a try. Incidentally, when in a frog hotel and ringing down to the desk for a mosquito-net to be at once sent up to your room, do be careful not to get into a muddle and ask for, instead of a *moustiquaire*, or mosquito-net, a *mousquetaire*, or musketeer. As you see, the words are similar but a request for the latter might fill the mind of even a French *hôtelier* with unworthy thoughts.

Although there is obviously no place in this, our favourite weekly magazine, for the kind of semi-literary quiz that enlivens some lesser productions ('Which is the "odd man out" in the following: Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Schubert, Iris Murdoch and Brahms?'), I sometimes wonder whether our cheery editor would not welcome, and it was cloves that made me think of it, a regular cooking column and I am perfectly ready, recking nothing of the extra calls on my time and energies, to come forward and supply it. I am not, I hasten to say and as I have already stated when confessing to 'Myrtlebank's' cloveless spice cupboards, an expert but every so often a handy nutritional hint comes my way that deserves, I feel, a wider public. Take carrots, for instance, the quality of which, in recent months, I have found to be low indeed (misshapen and anaemic in colour and quite fairly tasteless) but which now seem to be perking up no end and to be deserving of that little bit of extra care and attention that makes the whole difference and earns those joyous cries of appreciation ('*Oh*, you clever creature!') at the dinner table. Here then, and it deserves a fresh paragraph, is a wrinkle about your common or garden (and they're better) carrot which I picked up from the telly while switched on and waiting for my daily fix of 'Dallas'.

There are those who rashly claim that 'you cannot overcook carrots', a sentence which I rather doubt has ever appeared before in these august pages and what the ghost of Kingsley Martin is thinking I really do not care to imagine. But though this statement is roughly true in the sense that carrots will not disintegrate and collapse into a sullen mush in the way that some spuds so depressingly do, after which the only thing to do is to mash them (bags of butter) and pretend that that was what you were all along planning to do ('Do have another spoonful of my *mousse de pommes au beurre* — I knew it was a favourite of yours'), an excess of cooking diminishes the taste. The goodness transfers itself to the water, and though drinking pints of carrot water may well be your thing, it doesn't exactly help those who like their carrots in more solid form.

However, here is what the clever telly lady suggests. Scrape or shave your carrots, according to age and tenderness, and cut them into inch-long sections. Lay them lovingly in the bottom of a saucepan, nicely close together and so as to form one layer only and then, and here is the dodge, put in as much water (and it's a tiny amount) as will come half way up your carrots. Add a knob of butter and a sprinkling of salt and then, unrolling your cylinder of kitchen aluminium foil (so pleasantly crackling and gleaming and flashing), cut out a circle saucepan size, lightly butter the underside and press it firmly down onto your carrots. When I myself tried this out, I replaced the saucepan lid, but I can't recall whether the lady recommended this. Ignite, or switch on, your ring and in two ticks your carrots will be cooking. I cooked mine fairly gently, shaking the saucepan a litttle from time to time, for about forty minutes, after which, hey presto, the water had gone and the carrots, a poem of deliciousness, had more or less absorbed the butter and were all ready to make their appearance. Do, if you're a cook, give it a whirl. Tender mouth-melting succulence awaits you.

Carrots thus treated have now become the 'Myrtlebank' *spécialité de la maison* and I am happy to state that, throughout Appleton, home cooking is now the order of the day, though time was when carloads of us would travel across country to sample this or that highly-recommended restaurant. And very good they were too, but as now most hotels and restaurants have taken financial leave of their senses and are very busy pricing themselves into extinction (and serve them right, I must say), we tend to stay indoors and fend for ourselves, each household having its little culinary triumph and moment of glory. My Cousin Madge's roast saddle has been famous among us for years and is one for which, as regards selection, preparation and cooking, she does not stint her labours, though she would rather be outside in her wellies and pruning and dunging her roses.

Then, although occupied as her thoughts usually are with the very latest creations in the world of fashion, I am glad to report that Miss Entwhistle's omelettes, especially her splendidly *baveuses*, or sloppy, mushroom ones, are admirable, rather lopsided though they may appear when brought to table. The Mountjoys concentrate on nourishing stews and Berenice has an exceptionally light hand with dumplings. The Bultitudes have, of course, 'help' in the shape of at least three white-coated ladies happily at work in the hinterland (Giles darts in and out with the sherry decanter and all is merriment in the vast kitchen) and here the food is likely to be rich and rare. It consists, according to the season, of smoked salmon, avocados (so much better when plain and vinaigrette than stuffed with prawn cocktail which destroys the delicate flavour and consistency — rather like eating cold face cream, I would think), turtle soup, oysters, pheasant, *crème brûlée*, angels on horseback and many other treats, with Bunty shrieking pleasantries at one end of the laden table, and Giles all beaming hospitality at the other. No carrots, though.

Roger Woddis

The Sundiposh

'Without weaponry, and facing a regime with no lack of it, they have been able to mobilise the yearning of ordinary working people for a measure of control over the circumstances of their lives.' — Sunday Times.

A fabulous beast is the Sundiposh,
Regarded with awe by his peers;
His head is an inch from his rectum
And his testicles hang by his ears.
He screws up his eyes looking westward,
He opens them wide to the east —
In short and in all that he utters,
A most paradoxical beast.

His fear-call is 'Down-with-the-strikers!'
His nightmare is workers' control,
Unless it's Gdansk or Silesia,
In which case he cries 'Up-the-Pole!'
He crosses his legs in a crisis
And looks to the left for a spell,
To show he's not just double-jointed
But has double-vision as well.

He feathers his nest with old rubbish,
His sense of direction is sparse;
He soars in diminishing circles
And flies with his beak up his arse.
So always be kind to the Sundiposh,
In favour of unions abroad,
Applauding the power of the people,
But frankly, a bit of a fraud.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Pryce-Jones

All the Conspirators

Fellow Travellers of the Right, by RICHARD GRIFFITHS *Constable* £12.50
British Fascism edited by Kenneth Lunn and Richard C. Thurlow *Croom Helm* £12.95

Fellow Travellers of the Right is an account of those in England who either believed or wished to believe in Hitler, and so excused, condoned and praised Nazism. What a crew too, of assorted fascists, Mosleyites, anti-Semites, deranged peers, cranks and renegades from the conventional Right and the Left alike. Some were absolutely sincere but more were dupes, with a scattering of paid agents among them. Much of Mr Griffiths's book has the human interest of a novel, with plenty of case-histories and individual vignettes. The material was mostly available in diaries, memoirs and the correspondence columns of newspapers of the period, but nobody had yet put it into so informative a shape, and in that sense this important study is pioneering.

Pro-Nazis were so various that Mr Griffiths is sparing with political generalisations. It was possible to admire Hitler but deplore anti-Semitism, or to be an anti-Semite who imagined that Hitler was not going far enough. It was possible to value Nazism but not Italian fascism, and vice versa. Certain Conservatives, including MPs like Sir Thomas Moore, C.T. Culverwell, Sir Lambert Ward, Captain Archibald Ramsey, enthused over Hitler as an anti-bolshevik, while certain Labour Party members enthused over him for the contrary reason that Nazism was imposing state socialism. Several of the most virulent pro-Nazis, for instance John Beckett, a former MP, and John Scanlon, a journalist, had graduated via the ILP. The urge to accommodate Hitler in all his foreign policy demands came naturally to pacifists and Quakers — Corder Catchpool, head of the Quaker office in Berlin, was busy behind the scenes. Of all institutions, the British Legion, run by ex-servicemen of impeccable military background, was the most completely cock-eyed about the true nature of Nazism. Its first delegation to Germany, in 1935, included Major F. Fetherston-Godley, Colonel Crosfield and Captain M.A. Hawes, former Naval Attaché in Berlin, and after visiting Dachau they reported that they had had a 'quiet family supper with Herr Himmler', who gave them 'the impression of being an unassuming man anxious to do his best for his country'.

One can only marvel at the way that people allow themselves to be deceived by their temperament and prejudices. Commitment to a cause usually reveals effective suppression of uncomfortable evidence, for wish-fulfilment seems to make a certain kind of person impervious to reality. Moral motivation ended in sickly apologia, as a desire to live in peace with Germany so often became in practice indistinguishable from distortion and lying about Nazism and its dangers. Self-inspired nonsense was spouted not only by fascists like Henry Williamson (who thought Hitler had no bank balance), but by J.B. Morton, otherwise Beachcomber of the *Daily Express*, Beverley Nichols ('There is so much in the new Germany that is beautiful . . .'), Sir John Squire, chairman of the fascistic January Club, Bruce Bairnsfather who had created 'Old Bill' in *Punch*, even poor old George Robey who in August 1939 met Churchill and threw a 'Heil Hitler' at him, explaining 'Hitler's done a marvellous job for this country, as well as for Germany. He's woken us up.'

The Bishop of Chelmsford thought of the Nazis that 'their achievements are regarded with admiration in this country', while Arthur Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester and a Fellow

of All Souls, lost no opportunity for justifying what was taking place in Germany, including the persecution of the churches — 'the great body of the young Nazis is the best element in the country'. Mrs Ronnie Greville and Lady Cunard treated Nazism as the latest drawing-room vogue, and the chic of it seems to have reached the Astors at Cliveden, as well as other smart friends of Ribbentrop. James Murphy, author of *Adolf Hitler*, a panegyric published in 1934 by Chapman and Hall, and translator of *Mein Kampf* (published by Hurst and Blackett, a subsidiary of Hutchinson which also had anti-semitic works on its list), was actually an official of Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry in Berlin.

Not too much skill was required for the Nazis to build upon this massive credulity. The more friends they appeared to have, pronouncing in their favour and drawing a veil over reality, the better their purposes were served. Mosley's British Union of Fascists, the largest organisation giving formal expression to pro-Nazism, had foreign currencies paid into a secret account, as well as remittances from foreign sources, apparently from the Italian government, and perhaps from Germany, though this whole question 'remains impenetrably obscure' according to Robert Skidelsky in his book *Oswald Mosley*. At any rate, Colonel Graham Seton Hutchinson, founder of a violent splinter group known as The National Workers' Movement, was subsidised by the Nazis. The usual free trips and facilities were available to those ready 'to go to Berlin and write up Hitler', as was the case with Clifford Sharp, editor of the *New Statesman* before he began to drink himself to death. Each year provided its habitual contingent of English guests and admirers free-loading at the Nuremburg Party Rally.

Top people had the further possibility of an interview with Hitler, to be mesmerised by those famous eyes, and to burble to the press about it afterwards. Commandant Mary Allen 'the pioneer policewoman of the world' saw him, and among others so did Lord Londonderry with his wife ('I have no great affection for the Jews' as he expressed himself to Ribbentrop), Lords Lothian, Halifax (in the course of duty, to be sure), Allen of Hurtwood, Rothermere, E.W.D. Tennant a banker and cousin of Margot Lady Oxford, Tom Jones and his master Lloyd George whose subsequent pro-Hitler articles carried far and wide, Arnold Toynbee who recommended German Jews to stay where they were, George Lansbury the veteran socialist, and A.S. Duncan-Jones, the Dean of Chichester. The Windsors of course stayed as guests with Hitler and their visit was publicised everywhere as a token of mutual esteem, as was the case. Hitler liked to speculate about the return to power of the Duke, while the Duke continued to believe to the end of his life that England had fought the wrong war.

E.W.D. Tennant took the initiative in 1935 in forming the Anglo-German Fellowship, the leading front organisation of its kind, aimed above all 'at the rich and the powerful' in Mr Griffiths's words. Its chairman was Lord Mount Temple, whose first wife, mother of Lady Mountbatten, had been Jewish, which prompted him to resign after the Kristallnacht pogrom. The Link, also subsidised from Germany, started in 1938, and reached a membership of 4,300 by June 1939; it was for more ordinary people, though the anti-Semitic Duke of Westminster joined shortly before the out-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

break of war. Branch committees of The Link, Mr Griffiths summarises, 'seem to have been made up almost entirely of highly respectable local citizens; many of them professional or semi-professional men and often with a strong local government contingent. A proportion of them were Labour Party members.' At the head of The Link was Sir Barry Domvile, a former director of Naval Intelligence, who believed in the Judeo-Masonic conspiracy, or what he called 'Judmas' for short.

Conservative elements were often well disposed to the notion of dictatorship. More specifically, it was further argued on the Left as well as on the Right, that Hitler was really only redressing the wrongs of the Versailles Treaty and restoring Germany to its proper place in Europe. To validate Nazi actions by claiming that ultimately the British bore responsibility for them was a perfect expression of the period's self-doubts and guilts, and certainly for a great deal in the pursuit of appeasement *à la* Chamberlain. The reverse of the coin was a respect for Hitler's willingness to use force. His reoccupation of the Rhineland in 1936, followed at once by the huge propaganda success of the Berlin Olympic Games, raised the pro-Nazis to their peak.

In the year following Munich, however, the pro-Nazis had their noses inexorably rubbed into their folly. The few who recanted, like Philip Conwell-Evans, hitherto a leading apologist, or Sir Arnold Wilson MP, who eventually joined the RAF in the more or less open hope of being shot down, were tragic examples of where self-deception led. Only Mosleyites, fascists and racists continued to work to take their place in Hitler's Europe. Among these last-ditch extremists were John Beckett and John Scanlon, who together with the future Duke of Bedford (father of the present Duke), formed the British People's Party. From their various soap-boxes, Beckett and Mosley clung to the line that the coming war was a Jews' war, but by then the public could see for itself the extent to which national survival was actually at stake.

Had these pro-Nazis, left so high and dry by 1940, always been a joke? Mr Griffiths has much valuable discussion showing how seriously it was worth taking them. The early English fascists, the Arthur Kitsons, H.H. Beamishes and Arnold Leeses, wished to revert to a world untroubled by capitalism or Bolshevism, either of which, or both simultaneously, they determined were Jewish. These people 'knew' by some occult power, as illustrated in the much-reprinted ravings of Nesta Webster about the Judeo-Bolshevik conspiracy. Since many anti-Semites, Nesta Webster included, had hitherto been convinced that Germany was controlled by Jews, it took them time to swing over to the contrary view that the Judeo-Bolsheviks were being eliminated, and the 1939 Nazi-Soviet Pact — a conspiracy if ever there was one — proved a nasty surprise to this lot.

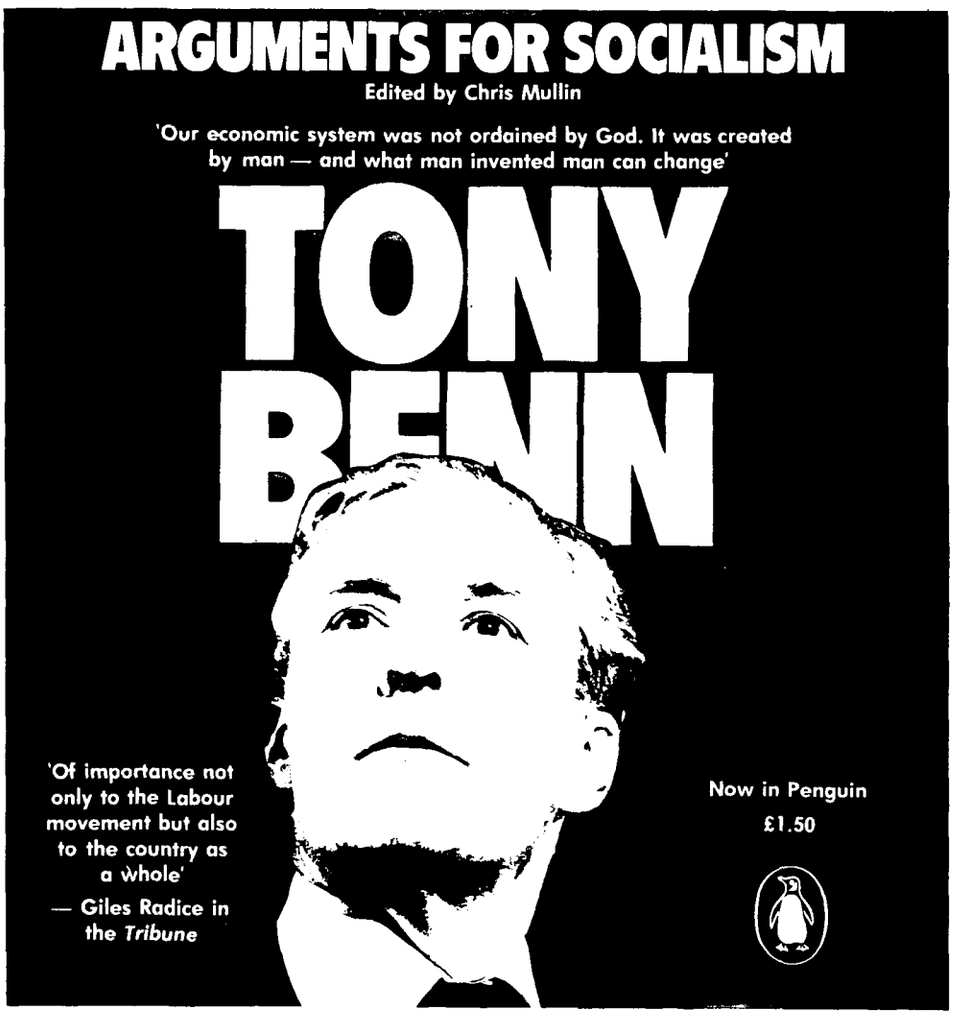
Mosley was not crazed like that, merely prepared to adopt language worthy of Nesta Webster when it suited him. From 1934, anti-Semitism was central (Mr Griffiths's word) to the policies of Mosley and his party. From then onwards, the BUF existed to endorse Hitler, both by beating up Jews and by campaigning against war with Germany. 'A million Britons shall never die in your Jews' quarrel' as Mosley was expressing himself at an Earl's Court rally on 16 July 1939.

How treasonable these native fascists would have proved is a matter for speculation, though there are pointers — for instance in *Noah's Ark,* Marie Madeleine Fourcade has described how her French resistance network received its British liaison officer, a Mosleyite as it turned out, who betrayed them to the Gestapo. British pro-Nazis, as Mr Griffiths so fully analyses, were numerous and influential enough, in the event of a Hitler victory, to have provided a Vichy or a Quisling England, with even a figurehead for it in the Duke of Windsor.

Generally speaking, the pro-Nazis belonged to the ruling or opinion-forming classes, accustomed to making themselves heard and felt. 'The climate of treason', as Andrew Boyle has it, spread over them, just as it did over their opposite numbers, the pro-Stalinists. Both fellow-travelling extremes displayed that collapse of self-confidence within the elite which has left such a characteristic stamp upon the Thirties, and indeed on national life. Was democracy confronted by anything so intractable as to justify pro-Nazism or pro-Stalinism? The behaviour of the huge majority, the non-élite of this country, soundly answered that question.

British Fascism is a collection of essays mostly by and for specialists. There are interesting accounts of the careers of H.H. Beamish and Arnold Leese, as well as a study of where the bees in Mosley's bonnet had come from. While the anti-Semitism of Mosley and the BUF is fully depicted, two writers discuss whether at street level Jews were at fault for having attacked the BUF. In his book Mr Griffiths is dismissive about this: 'It is meaningless to argue, as Mosley has done, that such attacks in some way excuse later Fascist anti-Semitic policy', for, at its simplest, the fascists had a programme while the Jews did not. Robert Skidelsky had originally raised this issue in his biography *Oswald Mosley.* Though 'it was not perhaps auspicious' to play the Horst Wessel Lied at BUF meetings, Skidelsky considered, while the chanting of *The Yids, The Yids, We've got to get rid of the Yids* was also an 'exuberance' the fascist leaders found hard to discourage, nonetheless to many in the East End of London, 'these displays of speech-making and marching must have brightened the pattern of a dreary existence'.

Skidelsky's whitewashing of Mosley in this vein completely overrode his researches, and seemed a kind of throwback to the bad old days of fellow-travelling. There has been no recent *trahison des clercs* to compare to it, and in the light of some heavy criticism he received Skidelsky has reconsidered what he wrote. In his essay in this collection he claims 'to have had some part in liberating the study of British fascism from its previous straitjacket'. What he means by this is that until now nobody had found a good word for British fascism, but then history, he says, is not a moral tract, and therefore he is free to praise Mosley just as anti-fascists are free to blame him. In other words, someone whose ambition at a crucial moment was to destroy democracy for the sake of totalitarianism ought to be judged as though he had been one more democratic politician among others — which is morally grotesque, as well as politically dangerous. Skidelsky realises how misplaced some of his remarks were, he withdraws here and qualifies there, but it would have been better still if he had recognised the main vitiating flaw.


ARGUMENTS FOR SOCIALISM
Edited by Chris Mullin
'Our economic system was not ordained by God. It was created by man — and what man invented man can change'
TONY BENN
'Of importance not only to the Labour movement but also to the country as a whole'
— Giles Radice in the Tribune
Now in Penguin
£1.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Schmidt

Spain Bleeds, England Gambles

The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse edited by Valentine Cunningham *Penguin* £2.95

When I was a boy in Mexico in the 1950s, the Spanish Civil War was not something that was 'over'. Near my father's club was a handsome building that housed the Republican government in exile — recognised by Mexico as the legal government of Spain until after Franco's death. One day at the Alameda — I must have been ten — the venerable Spanish poet Leon Felipe, whose work is thin on the page but mighty in public declamation, ambled past me on the pavement. There was a large expatriate community in the capital and in the provinces. Mexico had made them welcome and they had come gratefully, but few had given up the dream of returning 'after Franco is gone'.

The Spanish Civil War was, then, a continuing affair, even though the guns had fallen silent for the time. Also, it was an international affair and, we were taught, remained so. International solidarity against fascism and nationalism: that was the hallmark of the conflict. The International Brigades were symbolic and, in a limited way and for a short time, effective. There was an inevitable cultural contact, since writers from all over the world found their way to Spain, not only to the famous Madrid conference but to the battle lines themselves. Auden wrote to a friend before embarking for his brief stint of ambulancing: 'O I do hope there are not too many surrealists there.' There were hundreds, and I can't help feeling sad that Auden was not confronted with a few. For him, Spain seems to have been most vivid in its sartorial and gastronomic aspects. Where French, Spanish and Latin American writers were learning from one another, the English remained remarkably insulated. For them, Spain meant something different, it would seem.

When I came to Britain I was surprised to find how possessive the English Left was about the Spanish Civil War. We Mexicans were at least generous enough to share it with Spain. Valentine Cunningham's anthology is a paradigm of the British attitude. Certainly the word 'verse' in his title is apposite up to a point (a fair percentage of the book is prose — introduction 67 pages, plus broad swathes of journalistic, epistolary and memoir material). Cunningham ought to have inserted the word 'English' somewhere in his title. The only Spanish poems are those which English poets translated at the time.

This is an anthology of English Spanish Civil War Verse and Prose. Absent for the most part is the characteristic Iberian warmth, passion and invention; the sense of positive commitment, of a struggle *for* as well as a struggle *against*, of a solidarity not only with fellow-fighters but with a particular people and its needs. There are the grand abstractions, those tyrants that drafted in an army of ideological mercenaries. It is those abstractions which most defuse the poetry. This was someone else's war for most of the English poets; the prospect of their own towns being burned, their own shires ravaged, must have seemed remote. They were free to drop in and to depart, within certain limits.

It seems to me to have been rash of Mr Cunningham to produce a national anthology out of so essentially international a series of events. He denies his poets context, we cannot compare their witness with that of their fellow combatants. It violates the very spirit in which the writers fought. The main foreigner to put in a blustering appearance is Roy Campbell. He represents the Right, and he elicits a predictable response from Stephen Spender (who looms large and rather beguilingly in the book — he has a kind of vulnerable candour on the one hand and an insistent ideological message on the other).

The great abstractions inspired rage and sentiment. Some poets, C. Day Lewis for example, were able to write *before* experience, speaking *as if* from Spain while in fact safe in London. Poetry was being used in disregard of primary truth, in service no doubt of 'higher' truth, of History. Jack Lindsay, who wrote a kind of collective liturgy to be recited by large gatherings, and George Barker with work such as the hideous *Calamiterror* tried to come to formal terms with the experience of solidarity and the inventions of the non-English writers. The rest remained largely English and drew on a rhetoric hackneyed already at the turn of the century.

We had better list the exceptions. Auden's 'Spain' — whatever his later qualms about it — stands first in the book and overshadows most of what follows simply because it is immensely competent, efficient and effective verse. It rouses feelings for ideas, not with them. Then there is the work of Sylvia Townsend Warner, as poet, prose-writer and translator, a woman who kept her eye attentive to particulars, who had quiet skills and whose still voice is a relief in the general cacophony. There is what I take to be one of the best satires of the century, Edgell Rickword's 'To the Wife of any Non-Intervention Statesman', lines from which stuck in my mind after a single reading:

> Euzkadi's mines supply the ore
> To feed the Nazi dogs of war:
> Guernica's thermite rain transpires
> In doom on Oxford's dreaming spires:
> In Hitler's frantic mental haze
> Already Hull and Cardiff blaze
> And Paul's grey dome rocks to the blast
> Of air-torpedoes screaming past.
> From small beginnings mighty ends.
> From calling rebel generals friends,
> From being taught in public schools
> To think the common people fools,
> Spain bleeds, and England wildly gambles
> To bribe the butcher in the shambles.

It is a rough, Swiftean versification, but powerful. Why so? In part at least because it has a specific subject, a dramatic form, and it addresses a particular audience. Furthermore, it is deeply felt and clearly thought. It contains ideas, it does not gesture at them.

Another exception, though not too much can be made of it, is the poetry of John Cornford. It comes out of experience, not before it. The poetry is *lived*. When Cornford attitudinises, it lends his voice a youthful tone, earnest, a little absurd, but eloquent. There is sufficient technique, but no vitiating virtuosity. He has seen things; he has something to tell:

> We buried Ruiz in a new pine coffin,
> But the shroud was too small and his washed feet
> stuck out.

Elsewhere in the anthology there are vivid details, competent stanzas, a few rough voices worth rescuing from complete oblivion, though no great claims can be made for them. It is, all in all, a slender harvest.

I have tried to explain the poverty of the verse to myself. In the first place, there were not, relatively speaking, *that* many notable British poets involved. Secondly, much of the verse was written not out of experience but out of unlived commitment: it lacks particular *voice*. Then there is the horrible influence of Marxist theoretical prose with its infuriating penchant for the passive voice, as though History were inexorable and process had absolute authority over the conscious will. There is too the muralistic tendency, the habit of idealisation, deserting particulars in favour of types. Spender refers to Miguel Hernandez as an 'illiterate shepherd'; and there are a number of extremely socialist-realist martyrs and comrades against an idealised Spanish backdrop. George Orwell told then and told later what was happening — the distortions of propaganda. But he was in a minority of one.

For Spender it was all 'a poets' war'. Pound saw it as 'an emotional luxury to a gang of sapheaded dilettantes'. Both are wrong. The British contingent was not narrowly based in intellectual or social origin, and many of the

What is happening in Poland?

Read the comprehensive analysis in two special issues of

SURVEY

a journal of East & West studies

POLAND FROM INSIDE

Emergence of the Opposition
Currents and Activities of the Opposition
Official Reactions and Repressions
Censorship
Church and State
Social and Economic Problems
Cultural Scene
Totalitarian Reality and Non-Totalitarian Perspective
Poland's Western Heritage

Subscription (4 issues): UK £12
Single issues £3.75
available from:
Survey, Ilford House, 133 Oxford Street, London W1R 1TD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men who fought and died were in earnest. Much was made, however, of the writers; and perhaps in the long term they did as much harm as good — with the honourable exceptions already named. For they accepted defeat, while the Spaniards, whose war it was, continued the struggle in various ways. For British writers it was, by and large, a subject, a drama, an allegorical engagement between Good and Evil, a surrogate war (they had no Great War to fight in).

The admission of defeat was like closing a book. 'That was Spain, then.' But some of the non-English writers who were there, fighting or at the writers' conference or helping refugees, continued to live Spain. The experience matured in them. Loss of illusion resulted not in disillusion but in clarity of moral vision. Machado wrote:

> I have seen in my solitude
> very clear things
> that are not true.

More recently, Octavio Paz has written of his early commitments:

> The good, we wanted the good:
> to straighten out the world.
> We did not lack integrity:
> we lacked humility.
> What we desired we did not desire innocently.

Those lines contain what is scarce in Cunningham's anthology and, indeed, in his introduction, where he is still vacillating in his own attitude as much to Spain as to the verse it generated. I miss in the book Paz's candour and clarity, a sense of *moral* recognition and therefore of human growth, an ability to move forward by perceiving where one has come from. And Paz has an ability to use the word 'we' without tyranny, to implicate us not in a movement but in a shared humanity. For Paz, the Spanish Civil War did not become a closed book. He continues to learn and to teach from it. By contrast, it seems for Cunningham to remain a problem, a puzzle, something now essentially textual, past, academic. And, of course, something *English*.

A. S. Byatt

All That Is

Nuns and Soldiers by IRIS MURDOCH *Chatto* £6.50.

Iris Murdoch writes, as everybody knows, very complicated and convoluted love stories. She is also a philosopher who has meditated profoundly and elegantly upon both Freud's and Plato's concepts of love as a motive power in our universe. She would not, I take it, disagree with E. M. Forster's view of why there is more 'love' in novels than in 'life' perhaps. Forster wrote that:

> The constant sensitiveness of characters for each other is remarkable and has no parallel in life except among people who have plenty of leisure. Passion, intensity at moments — yes, but not this constant awareness, this endless readjusting, this ceaseless hunger. I believe that these are reflections of the novelist's own state of mind whilst he composes . . .

The glory of Iris Murdoch at her best — as she almost always is in *Nuns and Soldiers* — is that she can convey with total respect the awareness, readjusting and hunger, and at the same time 'place' it, with a severe but not savage irony, in a world which hints at quite different forces and priorities. The tramp of troops, genocide, pure perception, money, the absconded God, death.

The 'plot' of *Nuns and Soliers* is simple but hard to summarise. Gertrude is married to Guy, who is Anglo-Jewish and approaching death, from cancer, at the age of 43. Anne Cavidge, Gertrude's old Cambridge friend, has just returned from an enclosed Catholic order of nuns to the mess of the real world, following some obscure religious compulsion to 'a kind of negative humility which did not aspire to the name of goodness'. Peter, known as the Count because he is Polish, is a solitary displaced person who rejected, and too late embraced, his parents' profound commitment to their country (as it no longer is), language (which he had refused to learn) and history (which the other characters don't know or understand). Peter is Guy's protegé and is in love with Gertrude. Then there are Tim Reede, a second-rate painter, Irish, feckless, untruthful, and his non-resident mistress, Daisy, another ex-Slade drop-out, failed painter and failed novelist. They live, with increasing difficulty, from hand to mouth and haunt a pub called The Prince of Denmark. Most of the rest of the significant characters are part of Guy's large Anglo-Jewish collection of relations, protegés, doctors, lawyers . . .

Guy dies. Anne consoles, or appears or attempts to console Gertrude. The Count, who has overheard Guy asking Gertrude to remarry, possibly himself, decides to wait a year before proposing. Tim, driven by Daisy, comes to beg from Gertrude for money, is offered a summer as caretaker of her Provencal house in which he and Gertrude fall wholly and enchantedly in love . . . It has the fairy tale quality of an innocent *Hamlet* where the Prince may marry the bereaved Queen and the childless woman may love a dependent and charmingly incomplete younger man . . . When it is no longer a secret, and when the existence of Daisy is no longer a secret, the fairy tale passion is subject to the forces of moral judgment, social judgment, financial greed.

I shall not tell the plot any further. But I should like to say something about Iris Murdoch's still increasing mastery of the unexpected shifts of pace, expansions and contractions of telling. Guy's death occupies the opening 97 pages of the book (which is 505 pages long). He wishes to die well, and his presence, both before and after his death, as the wisest and most thoughtful of the characters is powerful. Anne Cavidge and the Count are, like many characters in later Murdoch novels, most vividly alive in the synopsis of their history as they are first presented to us. Anne has had a greedy and wild sexual life at Cambridge, and a deliberately bare and deprived life in the convent. The Count has tried, and failed, to be an 'English boy' and has learned Latin: he listens to the wireless perpetually in a characterless room, and is a Pole for no Poland as Anne is a nun for no God (as Iris Murdoch once said, we must learn to be 'good for nothing' since there is no God). Most of the narrative *space*, the loving detail, the wit and tension goes to the love affair between Tim and Gertrude — and its effect on the strong but apparently aimless tie between Tim and Daisy. More of the narrative space goes to the other characters' gossip and

Employment: Outlook and insights

A collection of essays on industrialised market-economy countries
Edited by David Freedman

Examining the factors contributing to high unemployment in these countries and the reasons why policy responses have been inadequate to meet the challenge, these essays go on to propose new objectives and approaches that may be adopted in order to deal now and in the future with the structural problems that influence the way we work and live.
ISBN 92-2-102156-4 (hard cover) £7.50
ISBN 92-2-102155-6 (limp cover) £5.00

The impact of microelectronics:
A tentative appraisal of information technology, *by Juan Rada*

The advent of a new information technology, largely based on the integrated silicon microcircuit, or silicon 'chip', is a landmark in human history. This highly topical book describes the nature and characteristics of the new technology, and examines the promises and threats that it holds for many aspects of social life.
ISBN 92-2-102383-4 (hard cover) £6.90
ISBN 92-2-102378-8 (limp cover) £4.40

Man in his working environment:
A workers' education manual

Intended to alert workers and trade unions to the fact that, notwithstanding the benefits they bring, economic development and technical progress can have harmful effects not only on the working environment but also on the quality of life of workers, this manual describes the laws and principles of ecology, showing how failure to abide by them can affect both rural and urban areas.
ISBN 92-2-102060-6 £3.15

Adapting working hours to modern needs:
The time factor in the new approach to working conditions, *by D. Maric*

Examining the new types of working arrangements (the continuous working day, compression of the working week, staggering of hours, flexible hours, part-time work, and arrangement of the working year with particular reference to staggering of holidays), this study follows and discusses these new trends in some developed countries.
ISBN 92-2-101658-7 £3.75

Flexible working hours
by H. Allenspach

Describing the evolution of the system in the general context of current endeavours to humanise conditions of work, this book provides a comprehensive, balanced and well documented introduction to this highly topical and much discussed subject.
ISBN 92-2-101198-4 £4.40

Night work:
Its effects on the health and welfare of the worker, *by J. Carpentier and P. Cazamian*
2nd impression (with modifications)

After reviewing the technical, economic and social reasons for night work, this study examines the social, physical, psychological and medical effects on workers, taking into account ergonomic problems and problems connected with the organisation of such work.
ISBN 92-2-101729-X (hard cover) £6.90
ISBN 92-2-101676-5 (limp cover) £4.40

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE
London Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY
Tel: 01-828 6401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speculation about this tie — as though the private passion of love were not only the easiest object for novelists to display, but the most absorbing object for cousins, aunts and attendant lords at tea or cocktails. Indeed, one of the funniest and best moments is when Gerald, the astronomer, is led to admit that he has made 'a discovery' which might mean that 'something', 'a cosmic disaster' *could* happen, and the assembled company devote nine lines of six pages of furious amatory gossip to this topic before avoiding it as 'morbid'.

Anne, and the Count, although both fall passionately, obsessively in love, and both are apparently doomed to suffer love as a self-generating fantasy, not a reciprocity, are the nun and soldier, in a sense, of the title, those dedicated to concepts other than personal relationships. Tim is a parodic soldier-of-fortune, and Gertrude, like many of Iris Murdoch's glowing, sexually self-confident ladies who attract love like magnetic fields, and like to 'draw people in' to their 'charmed circle' of personal affection, is a parodic dedicated courtly lady presiding over some medieval court of love where soldiers and knights are transformed, for better or worse, into *cavalieri servanti.* Or 'slaves', a bad word, with Hegelian overtones, in Murdoch,

But both Anne and the Count are *not good enough* at the virtues to which they aspire. In an article in 1970 on 'Existentialists and Mystics' Iris Murdoch divided recent novels into those which have reacted to a deep uncertainty about politics and religion by asserting either 'existential' virtues or a kind of godless mysticism. The 'existentialist hero' she says is 'the anxious man trying to impose or find or assert himself' while 'the mystical hero is an anxious man trying to discipline or purge or diminish himself'. 'The chief temptation of the former is egoism, of the latter masochism.'

I would argue that Gertrude and Tim are (naturally) cheerful egoists and existentialists, while Anne and the Count are (naturally) self-diminishing masochists. Both Tim and Anne undergo near-drownings and face death differently both from each other and from Guy. Both, also have visions. Anne's is single and intense: a vision of Christ which owes much to Dame Julian of Norwich, much to Dostoevsky, and yet is original, compulsive and strange. He shows her, among other things, the cosmos, 'all that is' as a small, grey, chipped pebble. Tim's vision is more diffuse — he may be a second-rate painter (as Gertrude is a second-rate goddess, Anne a second-rate mystic and the Count a second-rate soldier) but he has, and Iris Murdoch shows us he has, 'a gift yearned for by sages, he was able simply to *perceive!* (He did not realize that this was exceptional, he thought everyone could do it.)' And at the end of the book, after his tragi-comic adventures, he has, and can paint, an intuition of some relation between geometric and organic forms which suggests also a sense, however incomplete, of 'all that is', a cosmos full of inhuman and amazing things, as well as personal relations.

I have not mentioned those characters who see themselves as gods moving the others as puppets — though they are there — as are those who in their turn know 'more than' the god-figures 'suspect' about them. The novel is, like life, full of surprises, apparent captiousness about where it will direct its intention, and conveys a marvellous sense of underlying order and swarming randomness together.

If you wish to keep your

NEW STATESMAN

in good condition you should use a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs only £3.50 (£6.50 for two).

Please send remittance to:

NEW STATESMAN
10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ

Ben Okri

Silences

Ancient Monuments by STIG CLAESSON *Findhorn Publications* £3.50
Out of Season by IAN J. BURTON *Sidgwick & Jackson* £5.95
Clear Light of Day by ANITA DESAI *Heinemann* £6.50
Limbo Girl by JUNE BURNETT *Blond & Briggs* £6.50

Ancient Monuments is a lucid and disturbing novel about four abandoned old people in a desolate and threatened landscape, The Sticks, a village in southern Sweden — on the very edge of silence. An old shoemaker has retired. He pins up a sign: NO MORE WORK ACCEPTED. Then, when Elna, the only woman at The Sticks, says, 'We just go around here like ancient monuments', he puts up another sign: ANCIENT MONUMENT. The old people are surprised when they begin to receive visits from local young tourists, the first of whom give 25 kroner for a scythe shaft. The pretentious interest of the tourists shows up the destitution of the community. The young see the countryside as empty, the old do not. What the young call progress, the old know painfully as the death of continuity. Mr Claesson's dialogue balances the various tensions with ease. The young tourists and the old men are speaking different languages, about different times and different needs. The sign — ANCIENT MONUMENT — becomes to the old a token of validation, a tenuous proof that they have not been completely cancelled out by the creeping forests. The threat of annihilation is everywhere.

> They are abandoned, sitting alone on their chairs in sheer amazement at the strange silence that has descended upon the district while they were asleep.

One of the old men says:

> Our yesterday didn't create our today. We've no tomorrow to latch on to. It's something else that made this silence, something we didn't reckon on and something we weren't told about.

A photographer comes to The Sticks. He has ideas for annihilating the silence, but in the end it defeats him; he cannot understand it. If at times the novel can seem simplistic, it has a myth-like economy and contains real insights, reminiscent in many ways of Knut Hamsun.

Silence is replaced by stridency in Ian J. Burton's *Out of Season* which concerns one man writing a novel and another man, in a different setting, writing a novel about him. The first novelist, John Stones, fell down some stairs and is suffering from amnesia in a hostile seaside town. He is now trying to remember and reconstruct his past, which involves the town's shameful past. The second novelist, in another town, Michael Gwelain, is battling for freedom from his unfulfilling career-set wife in order to write a novel about a John Stones in a seaside town with seagulls. The characters are both on an inward journey to their mutual source; when they arrive, one of them will die. *Out of Season* tells a fascinating story, though certain scenes and characters fail to convince. The brooding and overworked presence of seagulls, for instance, jars and irritates. Time is tipped and played with — then it disjoints. John Stones becomes Michael Gwelain. Many strands are not resolved, indeed the whole novel does not realise itself — but then how many first novels do? And there are passages of superb, sustained writing.

Silence is clarity and white heat in Anita Desai's *Clear Light of Day,* a novel about a family reunion, its unease, the disturbing remembrances that accompany it. Tara, now married to a diplomat, revisits her childhood home in Old Delhi and finds that, on the shabby surface, nothing has changed. The mind is forced back into rites of childhood. Anita Desai evokes the heat, the parrots squawking, the changes and non-changes of characters, their subtle secret movements, and in her evocations is discovery:

> As she stared. a petal rose and tumbled onto its back and she uncovered the gleam of a — a pearl? a silver ring? something that gleamed, something that flashed, then flowed — and she saw it was her childhood snail slowly, resignedly making its way from the flower up a clod of earth only to tumble off the top onto its side — an eternal, miniature Sisyphus . . .

But often the vividness of the writing fails to convey a sense of the child's actual *life:* the vividness is literary. Anita Desai has a pointillist exactitude, conveys the lucency of things sharply sensed in the clear light of day, but lacks apprehension of their depths. Some shadows are clearly missing. Characters are communicated in the same external way as the screeching of mynahs. In the general lucency important things suffer. The novel remains a series of images and scenes — Tara secretly seeing her father giving her mother an injection, for example, and suspecting him of killing her mother — and the characters move through them as word-clothed phantoms. Sometimes Anita Desai's sentences are so complete and beautiful that, not taking one beyond themselves, they become their own end.

It is Bim, the older and seemingly more cynical of the two sisters, who experiences most the pain and shadows and darkness of the book. She remains a spinster, nurses Aunt Miri and Baba and nurses also the defeats and pains of the home. She is the one who guides and who experiences the clear light of day, of forgiveness and love. She is rooted. She tastes and is deepened by the land; and it is upon her that the revelation of time falls. *Clear Light of Day* is close to a religious experience, a purifying sensation in which memory becomes imagination and pain becomes revelation. It ends with a scene of celebration of tradition and it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painful, triumphant continuity.

June Burnett's *Limbo Girl* explores the limbo of Connie Marlow, the daughter of a mixed marriage. Connie has been brought up by a maternal grandmother — 'in whose reluctant care she was abandoned at an early age by her Irish mother and West Indian father'. Connie leaves her grandmother's house to go and stay with her two aunts in Liverpool, 'two experienced flesh-eaters', who run a sinister debt-collecting business which causes her to run away from their home. She is thrown into worlds that demand her participation and then are hostile to her when it is discovered that she is of a mixed marriage. There is much loneliness and journeying in this book: 'Connie accepted these small inconveniences almost with gratitude in return for the beginning of some new friendships, however temporary.' At the factory her mates scoff at her for not swearing, not smoking, not using make-up and being 'posh' because she reads poetry. She is an alien. Her relatives on both sides of the colour line allude darkly or palely to one another without warmth. Once Connie goes to a black disco and finds herself the only white person. 'She had come here wanting to give herself the chance to be black.' At the nightclub she is locked in the loneliness and misery of peripheral emotions: she cannot identify with the aspirations around to 'return to Africa'.

An important problem with the novel is that Connie seems so suffering, so nice that she is not fully defined by what she goes through. June Burnett, has, however, a painter's eye for description and the experiences are conveyed with almost autobiographical detail. It is a finely sustained achievement. There is a lot of private laughter in the book. Though in the end Connie returns to her aunt and is whisked away by a black club manager to Amsterdam and desolation creeps out in the final image — 'The almost intact wing of a bone-shattered bird rises from the tarmac of the road with a gust of wind, and waves on like a crazy transparent hand' — much of the unchartable limbo does not, unfortunately, find its way into the book.

Jamie McKendrick

The Black Theatre Of Prague

Open the black box
the solemn curtains rise
for moon-mist and music
tear-stained glass.

The bird-of-paradise
perched on the mirador
offers up her feathers
mazarine, vermillion

whilst the gymnast-magician's
violin and flute
pied-pipe the children
out of the woods.

Their harlequinades,
invaded, survive
camouflaged fangs
when the sly cat arrives

and their joys still live
locked in those blacks
when that sacrificial pyx,
the cabinet, shuts.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Perils of Self-Censorship

MARY HOLLAND at the Edinburgh International Television Festival

How are the fat cats of television going to deal with the lean years that lies ahead? That was the question that hung like a pall over the Edinburgh International Television Festival, held to coincide with the festival proper, but so far removed from it physically and spiritually that it might have been another country.

Television, for so long regarded as a licence to print money and a medium to command the attention of millions, is running scared. For ITV there is uncertainty about the franchises and the fourth channel, the slowdown in advertising, particularly in areas of high unemployment, and the wounds sustained in the ratings battle with the BBC since last year's strike. For the BBC itself there is the constant fear that there could be more cutbacks by the Thatcher government, the demoralising knowledge that some of its best people have been lured away by the much higher salaries to ITV, and the unhappy fact that in many areas of programming it is subject to public and political pressures which nobody has, as yet, applied seriously to the independent companies.

Given all this you would expect a conference entitled *Television and the Real World*, confined almost entirely to people who work in television and sympathetic observers, to yield some hard heart-searching about the future. Instead, the cumulative effect of all the pressures outlined above was to inhibit real debate to a point where an almost desperate complacency seized most of the sessions, with everybody reassuring everybody else that Britain had the finest television in the world and that they would all continue to make challenging, courageous and stylish programmes.

The Festival was held in Edinburgh's Old Royal High School, expensively refurbished for the new Scottish Assembly and now, of course, a superfluous white elephant. It was at once an appropriate and fairly catastrophic choice of venue. The pretentious formality of the assembly chamber, clearly designed to defuse the passions of Scottish nationalism, had precisely this effect on many of the delegates, intimidating some who might otherwise have knocked the proceedings into life.

Even so, it was depressing to watch so many people so reluctant to engage in real debate about the function of television in British society. Television is still a very young industry and in the previous years of this festival one of its most compelling aspects has been the willingness of those responsible for producing programmes to argue, sometimes passionately, with their critics, a phenomenon which would be unthinkable in newspapers. Most of the critics are drawn from what one might loosely described as the academic left, and have been engaged in various fields of communications studies, many of them producing research which has proved incontrovertibly just how biased most television is against working people, women, strikers, blacks etc.

This year the arguments were raised all right but were, for the most part, either ignored or dismissed with some exasperation by the programme makers. It was for example quite enfeebling to sit through a session on current affairs and to hear the editors of two of the BBC's most prestigious programmes — *Panorama* and *Newsweek* — tell the audience that they had never experienced censorship of their programmes, unless you counted a little trouble with items on Northern Ireland as censorship, which they clearly did not. What seemed to be lacking was any awareness that the reason all programmes about Northern Ireland get scrutinised on both ITV and the BBC to a point of inducing self-censoring paranoia is that for the moment those programmes are almost the only ones which strike right to the heart of the consensus in British politics. But times are changing and what applies to Northern Ireland today seems bound to apply to other controversial subjects tomorrow, to programmes about unemployment, nuclear missiles, or the Special Patrol Group.

This argument, about the increasing pressures not to keep difficult and controversial subjects off our screens, was put most clearly in a paper on 'The Single Play' by Carl Gardner and John Wyver of *Time Out*, the only critics in the British press who cover television consistently from a radical perspective. What Messrs Wyver and Gardner had to say was that the single play on television had, in the past, been a potent instrument for highlighting social and political ills in our society, and that it was no coincidence that it was being phased out and replaced by series and serials. This central argument was virtually ignored. Instead, those present from drama producers to the IBA sought to prove that, on the contrary, the single play was alive and thriving as never before.

The pity of all this is that both sides, the programme makers and their critics, have a case and in less edgy times have often been able to help each other. Most television does positively reinforce the status quo. In the field of entertainment women, strikers, blacks are almost always represented in crude stereotypes. News and current affairs programmes, even when they are committed to thorough and painstaking research, present important issues and events within the parameters laid down by the prevailing economic and political climate, and very rarely challenge them. Many people who work in current affairs admit that since the advent of the Thatcher government those parameters have shifted quite dramatically to the right.

And yet, because we live in a society with a long tradition of free speech, many executives who work in television also believe that at least a percentage of the programmes which they put on the screen should challenge that prevailing consensus. They may not particularly like doing it and they deeply dislike the rows which follow films like *Death of a Princess* or the drama series *Law and Order*. But provided the people who actually make the programmes have the energy and the will,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which usually means in the first place resisting self-censorship, those in authority can often be persuaded and/or pressurised into supporting them. Lord Windlesham *did* screen *Death of a Princess* and defended it with spirit afterwards, and if one has a lurking suspcion that Anthony Thomas may find it difficult in the future if he wants to make another film on the oil states, particularly if it touches the regime in Saudi Arabia, that is still as yet only a suspicion.

To make such programmes and to get them on to the screen takes not only considerable energy but political guile involving a lot of people. The exasperation of the programme makers with their critics on the left is that they appear not to understand this, or if they do to have very little sympathy for it. There have been occasions when it has seemed more important to expose the controversy surrounding a single programme than to get it on the screen.

Geoff Robertson pointed out, in his acute paper summing up the conference, the legal and political constraints on broadcasting are going to get worse not better. The Broadcasting Bill with its introduction of a 'potential monster' in the shape of the Broadcasting complaints Commission to which even representatives of the dead will be able to complain and demand retribution, the Attorney General's recent interpretation of Section 11 of the Prevention of Terrorism Act as it applies to journalists who talk to the IRA, these are likely to lead to an ever increasing nervousness about what Mr Robertson described as 'the fuss factor'. In these circumstances the very nearly overwhelming complacency at the Festival about British television programmes, and the hostility to those critics outside the industry who expressed concern about the increasing drift towards conformity, bore eloquent testimony to the present sensitivities of both the BBC and ITV.

With the benefit of hindsight it isn't surprising that the session on 'Women' was well attended. I have to declare a personal interest here as I wrote the introductory paper. Most women at the Festival had expected the session to be ignored or treated with ridicule. On the contrary, a large number of male executives came along to discuss the problems of getting women into television, opportunity and promotion, the case for affirmative action and how it had worked in the United States. At the time one could not help but be elated. Now I am not so sure. In the prevailing edginess of the festival, this was the one opportunity for everybody, whether he or she already worked for a company or had a bid in for a franchise, to come along and parade their impeccable liberal credentials.

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID PRYCE-JONES is currently writing about the German occupation of Paris. His books include *Unity Mitford: A Quest* and his most recent novel was *Shirley's Guild*.

MICHAEL SCHMIDT's novel, *The Colonist,* was published by Muller earlier this year.

A. S. BYATT lectures in English at University College, London. She is the author of a critical study of Iris Murdoch's work and of three novels, *Shadow of a Sun, The Game* and *The Virgin in the Garden*, the latter being the first of sequence of four novels.

BEN OKRI is the author of *Flowers and Shadows*. His second novel *The Landscapes Within* will be published shortly.

Skid-Row Toscanini

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE on drama at the Edinburgh Festival

Wielopole is the Polish town where Tadeusz Kantor was born, and *Wielopole, Wielopole* is both the title of his latest concoction and a drawn-out yowl of pained memory. Some family, his. Jabbering male relatives in black jackets and bowlers jig and totter round the derelict remnants of the Kantor living-room. Uncle Josef, a priest, is pinioned to a bed, then bayonetted, then crucified; and, a fat, stoical smile on his sad-sack face, comes scuttling back for more. His persecutors are a platoon of soldiers, dusty grey zombies who skulk in the corner or outside the front door, and prime among them is Tadeusz's clockwork father. He jerks and stutters to the front of the stage and married a slumped, gawping bride in ragged white, who is herself then wheeled about on a wooden cart emblazoned 'Golgota', crowned with a ring of thorns by the family, and tossed violently to and fro by her husband's comrades. Real people become dummies become real people again; a camera turns into a machine-gun, a group photograph a massacre, and then massacre another demented family get-together; and so it grinds relentlessly on, like a dream from which one can't wake.

A few years back Kantor's *Dead Class,* which did for the schoolroom rather what *Wielopole* does for the happy homestead, was the triumph and toast of the Edinburgh fringe; and this production marks his promotion, if that's the word, to the festival proper. Though the company is now resident in Florence, not Cracow, some of the same faces we saw in 1976 are distinctively on show, notably the sharp nose and bony chin of the creator-director himself. He is onstage throughout in his rumpled black suit and tieless white shirt, a skid-row Toscanini who now produces a crescendo or diminuendo with a sweep of the arm or a finger on the lips, now fussily readjusts a dilapidated table or chair, now stares unblinking at what his eclectic and not-always-comprehensible programme-notes confirm to be the darker contents of his own free-associating brainbox.

Those looking for some 'message' should be warned that, military robots notwithstanding, the play is more impression than opinion, let alone anti-war propaganda; and those seeking biographical information will obviously be disappointed by Kantor's obsessional metaphor-mixing. But those capable of appreciating imaginative bravura and deeper, more elusive truths should buy or beg their way to the Riverside Studios, where *Wielopole* plays until September 14. Up to its final image — a crazed, tumultuous Last Supper sketched by Leonardo, painted by Goya, then rejigged by Grosz, Bechmann and Dix — it is absolutely original, not to say unique, and yet touches corners of the latent mind at least glancingly familiar to us all.

Bad luck on the National Arts Centre, Ottawa, to have been on the festival programme with Kantor, since its production of *Woyzeck* relied greatly, too greatly on impressing us with its visual invention; and that brooding Pole had left us spoiled and blasé. Buchner's play was acted out by grey-tunicked soldiers wielding puppets, notably a skull-headed protagonist with a frown ploughed a mile deep into its papier-maché brow, and spoken by period nobs sitting in a gallery above, like spectators in a theatre; and the result was arty, monotonous, and, to be frank, misconceived in the first place. It's true that everything and everyone conspire to destroy Woyzeck's spirit; but to reduce him to a dummy manipulated by stagehands for the amusement of a fake audience, itself there for the entertainment of you and me, is surely to push the process of dehumanisation several notches too far. How much truer, as well as more interesting, it would have been to see a living actor bring out the tension between what's paralysed and numb in the character and what's still twitching with inarticulate pain and anger. We wanted a man struggling not to become a puppet, and, instead, we got a puppet wanly posing as a man.

The exigencies of touring excuse the somewhat ramshackle, do-it-yourself look of the RSC's *Henry IV,* but not an ordinariness of production and acting most uncharacteristic of the company. A principal trouble is Alfred Marks's Falstaff, who treats the verse like a maniac litterbug, dropping syllables and even words all over the stage, but is strangely passive when it comes to exploiting comic situation, relying on the raised eyebrow, the rueful glance, and other such downbeat devices. He's effective at the end of Part Two, his face widening with greed, then dropping in grief; but he never suggests why David Rintoul's Hal, an arrogant, erect cricket-captain with a taste for dissolute doings behind the pavilion, should find him so much fun in the first place. Eastcheap, it seems, is an interminable party thrown by an old doleful basset-hound. Several performances are competent enough; some, embryonically interesting; one, Bernard Lloyd's fastidious and charismatic king, good; one other, the unruly, snarling Hotspur of Stuart Wilson, a natural rugby-player unlucky enough to find himself in the nets with Mr Rintoul, is very striking indeed; and that, more or less, is that.

The fringe, being more populous than ever, presents even more problems than usual. How to discriminate between the Calm Down Mother Collective, Clogs Mobile and Wildcat Theatre? How, physically, to stumble from Hi-Ya Borderline's *Play It Again, Tam* in time to catch Dream Topping's feminist revue, *Dream Topping*? As it was, socialist duty took me to two offerings by Bite Theatre — Alfio Bernabei's vigorous if crude attack on the endless exploitation of Chile, *The Bite;* Roger Saunders's *Everyman's Revolt,* a more convoluted but blunter look at wrongs nearer home — and to Oxford Theatre Group's production of Dario Fo's *We Can't Pay? We Won't Pay!.* This is broader than his *Accidental Death of an Anarchist,* using the techniques of farce to attack, not so much police violence, as working-class passivity. Specifically, Antonia must conceal the goods she's looted during a price riot in a supermarket both from the carbinieri and from her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

husband Giovanni, a painfully respectable CP supporter. Under the settee go the bulkier pickings, into the family soup-toureen goes the pet-food, and beneath the dress of a friend go the vegetables, leaving the impression of a sudden, miraculous pregnancy; and ruse and confusion accumulate until Giovanni, told he's on short-time because his work-place is closing, himself joins the revolt by triumphantly nicking some sacks of sugar and flour. The play's comic tension depends on us siding with the proletarian Hoods against the capitalist sheriffs, and the resolution, which we've thus been manipulated into welcoming, is intended to confirm and consolidate that alignment. Those who prefer to cling on to bourgeois preconceptions about property had best try not to laugh, because laughter, under Fo's sly baton, has itself become a form of political commitment.

After this most else seemed mundane. However, there was profit to be had both from the National Student Theatre Company's production of Trevor Cooper's *Lovers, Too* — a funny-glum study of suburban marriage recently given an award by Ayckbourn, patently indebted to Ayckbourn, but rather more than an imitation of Ayckbourn — and from George Hutchinson's *No Room for Dreamers,* an antipodean import presented by the Ensemble Company of Sydney. The subject is one William Chidley, frequently imprisoned early this century for propagating a philosophy of clean eating and 'natural coition', meaning sex ecstatically achieved when a limp penis is sucked into the vagina because of a vacuum in the womb. The impression left is of a quaint figure, forever stalking the streets in a Grecian skirt bawling 'the answer!', and of a pathetic one, the half-crazed victim of prurient foster-parents. But we're also meant to see Chidley as an oppressed rebel-hero, a noble dreamer on his uppers; and that far, alas, we could not go.

Not Enough of a Good Thing

ANNE KARPF on the Edinburgh International Radio Festival

What is the difference between a Festival and a Conference, when both consist of talking heads? The answer, if last week's second Edinburgh International Radio Festival is anything to go by, is that a Festival is larded with smugness, and oiled with self-congratulation. Which is especially dispiriting since radio is markedly lacking in a forum for discussing major issues, as compared with TV which is liberally endowed with junkets and colloquia.

The most arresting aspect of the gathering, attended by over 200 radio people and ably chaired by Anthony Howard, was the interchangeability of BBC persons and commercial radio persons. Hardly had a chap (and most of them were chaps, even down to their grey suits) shown himself to be Reithian in origin, than he would mutate into a free enterprise bod, noisily knocking radio lame ducks as if he were Selsdon Man. The commercial lot, on the other hand, suppurated with worthiness, resonated with public concern. It was all terribly confusing, until you realised that the cloning of the radio broadcaster was complete, and only the plumage differed.

The confusion was most acute in the session called *Are the Networks the Dinosaurs of the Future?* in which Jimmy Gordon, managing director of the commercial station Radio Clyde, claimed that independent local radio (ILR) was in fact public service radio, while Ian MacIntyre, Controller of Radio 3, declared that 'I don't regard this as an industry, but as a business', and added 'Jimmy and I could change places on many things.' Quite so. To compound the irony, both argued in defence of networked programming: Gordon maintained that if you'd authored a quality sit-com, you wouldn't want it to get the limited exposure of local radio, but the all-out blast of a network. While hovering perilously near to delivering a paeon to Radio 1, he made out a case for commercial stations setting up joint production facilities and regional networks of associated stations, and ended by floating the idea of a National Broadcasting Corporation, consisting of both BBC networks and ILR. Ecumenical togetherness was complete.

He was followed by Ian MacIntyre who said — well, almost nothing, but so elegantly. MacIntyre spun all manner of ethological conceits round the theme of the dinosaur, cracked upmarket jokes, and generally used urbanity as a hedge against substance. His defence of networks was largely aphoristic: 'a society which doesn't need or want national networks would have lost its national identity'; 'until the day comes when we cease to have national concerns, we won't stop needing networks.'

It was left to two other BBC executives to puncture the cosiness. George Fischer, Head of Talks and Documentaries, wrily pointed out to Gordon that 'you are in public service broadcasting to make money.' And Michael Barton, Controller of BBC Local Radio, claimed that the networks would wither and die unless they were in touch with their grass roots, and suggested that there was a strong Southern bias to networked programming: he wanted it to become more responsive to other parts of the country.

But for the most spectacular demonstration of broadcasters closing ranks, the session on community radio was indispensable. The mere mention of this genre causes *homo radio* to bristle with indignation, as if predators were after his professionalism, and trying to scalp him of his objectivity. And of course he's right. As Peter Lewis, lecturer at Goldsmith's College, pointed out, 'Part of the case for community radio is an indictment of the practices of mainstream broadcasting' and that, thank god, it would compromise (spurious) notions of objectivity and impartiality.

When the limited democratic procedure at Cardiff Broadcasting (one of the more progressive commercial stations) was outlined, Stephen Hearst, Head of BBC Future Policy, demanded to know by just how many of Cardiff's electoral roll its trust had been elected. When one of the audience pointed out that though it may have been only 300, it was 300 more than appointed Hearst, he retorted that he didn't pretend to be democratically elected. That's all right, then.

Things got curiouser and curiouser when Aubrey Singer, Managing Director of BBC Radio, declared community radio a Good Thing (hardly surprising, since he himself had argued for it at last year's radio festival) as long as it could fund itself, but otherwise it should go under. Should the same criteria be applied to Radio 3? Finally, a member of ComCom, the Community Communications Group, asked why Britain was the last English-speaking democracy to open its airwaves to the people?

Apart from piped muzak, the Festival was singularly bereft of sound, with one exception which was also its only fringe event. This was the playing of *Too Much of a Good Thing,* a play for Radio 3 by Mike Leigh which has been banned from Radio 3. Mike Leigh's work has rightly sprouted critical superlatives; in plays like *Abigail's Party* he has shown that hilarity, populism, and serious drama can mix. His work is based on ensemble improvisation, and *Too Much of a Good Thing,* his first radio play, exemplifies it; it is a careful, funny, and authentic picture of a young working-class woman's first sexual experience. Forgoing both smut and glamour, it shows instead furtive groping, anxiety, and a life dominated by sandwiches. It belongs more in the tradition of *A Taste of Honey* than of Radio 3 drama, and has a sharp feminist tinge.

Ian MacIntyre apparently rejected it on 'literary grounds', saying it was too banal and pointless, though this doesn't seen to prevent most other radio plays. To their credit, both the Head and Assistant Head of Drama publicly came out at the festival defending the play, the latter claiming that its banning was part of a retrenchment at the BBC; everyone was trying to be good boys to get an increase in the licence fee. When MacIntyre was asked why he rejected the play, his scandalously bland reply was 'I see a large place for rigour in editorial places — it is very necessary to say no when you think it.' Leigh himself posed the question in larger terms: that such a decision was made exclusively by an individual, when in fact it should have been a matter of public accountability.

Indeed, this is the central problem of the festival: radio broadcasters are cocooned in the values and world of professionalism. They interpret words like accountability in the most formal sense, so that we had the editor of Independent Radio News talking about impartiality (a decade of media studies notwithstanding) by referring exclusively to party political broadcasts. And it is truly remarkable that in 1980 he can write (as he did in the festival programme) that 'no radio station (and no individual broadcaster) is allowed to express any political opinion of his own under any circumstances, and this, of course, is not only during an election campaign, but at all times.'

Next year, we need a festival where statements like this are critically challenged, where programmes are played and discussed, where different radio forms are considered. We also need an injection of foreign ideas (though this year there was an interesting, if unillustrated, talk on American National Public Radio). And radio festivals must stop mimicking radio programmes, by setting up two dominant views, with the merest hiccup of heretical opinion. Or else the festival must generate its own fringe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moonshine Stills

SEAN HIGNETT reports on the Edinburgh International Film Festival

Some years ago I spent a brief apprenticeship in the poteen trade with Pegeen, an old lady who ran a couple of stills on an island off Connemara, producing what was acknowledged to be the best illegal whiskey around. The still components were, with the exception of the copper 'worm', objects that one might claim, in all innocence, had, separately, the right to be lying around any Galway farmyard: barrels, a churn, an upturned bucket and so on. Put together they were illegal. And so we put them together with a rough oatmeal dough that the heat hardened into a perfect seal and yet could be readily broken apart, should the Gardai come nosing across the bay. When Dana Preu as Matt in *Gal Young Un* joins the still to the stillhead in the backwoods of 1920s Florida, she presses into the cracks and crevices what surely is the same dough. That, small matter though it is, is typical of the care that Victor Nunez has taken with the tiniest detail of this, his first feature.

Matt, no longer young and homely rather than pretty, is flattered into marriage by the young hustler, Trax (David Peck). Trax moves into her home — an 1860s house restored for the film-making — persuades her into setting up the moonshine stills, then leaves her to the hard labour on her own 'just like an old mule throwed in for nothing'. Meanwhile Trax drives around in his flash new car, delivering the liquor and living it up with the ladies. When he dumps his latest girl friend, Elly (J. Smith), the gal young un of the title, on her, Matt has had enough. Elly's food is snatched away each mealtime before she has finished, the flowers she picks thrown into the fire as Matt builds up into the action which will retrieve herself from Trax. Every shot, inside and out, plain interiors, lush green woods, is perfectly composed. I've been trying to recall whether there is a single distant shot, a single view of the sky, everything seemed so near and intimate. *Gal Young Un* is a gem of a film and Matt — Dana Preu is a professor of English who has never acted before — a jewel of a performance.

If Nunez coaxes from amateurs and beginners the smoothness of experience, Ken Loach with *The Gamekeeper,* written, like *Kes,* by Barry Hines, manages to keep an amateur edge on his professional cast. And that is no criticism. It helps accentuate the documentary feel of the film, as though we have a gamekeeper made uneasy by the business of acting rather than an actor coping with the role of a gamekeeper. The film follows George Purse (Phil Askham) through the gamekeeper's year, from incubating the eggs and rearing the chicks to the shoot. George knows that his birds will, in the end, be targets for the usually absent duke and his hooray friends and yet, in a sense, they belong to George in life and the duke only in death. The film observes the paradox nicely — George uneasy in his forelock-touching role yet, in his own proprietorial attitudes, a part of it. He must chase his children's schoolfriends when they cross the wall to pick bluebells, harass his mates from the pub when they poach the odd rabbit. The message is never writ large but always skilfully understated, right up to the final scene when, after the shoot, George's wife has to help out at the big house with the evening's banquet. It has been George's big day too, the climax of his gamekeeping year. He arrives home to his empty tied-cottage to find a note on the table, propped against a packet of peas and some frozen chips. 'Pie in fridge. Set oven at 10'. Up the hill the nobs are gobbling grouse.

Thicketed woods and small green meadows are the backcloth too for *The Long Riders,* a re-working of the Jesse James legends. Filmed largely in Georgia and a long way from the sagebrush and the cactus of the usual western, *The Long Riders* is authentically close to the Missouri hunting ground of the James gang. The immediate interest of the film lies in its casting — the James, Younger and Miller brothers of the gang and the Ford brothers who betrayed them are played by the real life brothers James and Stacey Keach, David, Keith and Robert Carradine, Dennis and Randy Quaid and Christopher and Nicholas Guest. But there is little else that is inventive and areas of real interest remain hinted at but unexplored — the intricate pattern of kinship and intermarriage that helped shelter them from the law so long; the resentment of a Confederate state in the immediate post-Civil War years that created for a band of thugs — fearless but nevertheless thugs — a Robin Hood legend. Instead we have all the old western standbys, no better than they've been done before: running along the roof of the train, the bank robbery, the stage-coach hold-up, the whorehouse fight, all leading to the final show-down with the citizens of Northfield, Minnesota, with its almost compulsory but by now tedious slow-motion falls and blood-erupting wounds. It's as though Walter Hill, whose movie this is, felt compelled to continue where the final freeze frame of *Butch Cassidy* knew to leave off. By the end the gang have been hit so many times they look like colanders fresh from the beetroot harvest and it seems extraordinary that they should, almost all, with the exception of the James brothers who escape to be betrayed, be sitting up in bed in a prison hospital a scene and a half later.

But, historically, Cole Younger did give a home to eleven bullets and then wave to the crowds. You might not want to take that kind of chance but I gather that if you are done over with a broken bottle or a Matterhorned toothmug, the probability is you will end up unpretty but alive. Unless your carotid artery is pierced. Then your attacker and most of the immediate surroundings will end up looking like a fish supper with an attack of the ket-

Arts Guide

ACADEMY 3 Oxford Street · 437 8819
The outstanding French film
of Alain Fournier's classic novel
THE WANDERER (A)
"LE GRAND MEAULNES"
"Absolutely ravishing" OBSERVER
"As beautiful and haunting as the novel itself" GUARDIAN

riverside studios
Crisp Road Hammersmith W6 01 748 3354
Continuing to 14 September
Tues-Sun 8pm Sat mat 3pm
Direct from the Edinburgh Festival
WIELOPOLE, WIELOPOLE
TADEUSZ KANTOR & CRICOT 2
"An experience unlike anything else in avant garde theatre today" GUARDIAN
"The spectacle is stunning . . . embodies the spirit of our own savage times" Sunday Times

UNITY THEATRE
presents
"THE RAGGED TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS"
Adapted from the novel by Robert Tressel
and directed by Laurence Davis
Saturday 20 September 8 p.m.
Goldsmiths College, New Cross, London SE14
Details from: Stephen Williams, 28 George Lane, London, SE13. 01-698 0530 or 698 7562.

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
September 1980
ITALIAN FILM FESTIVAL:
A great panorama of films from the neglected period of the 30s and 40s, featuring famous Stars and Directors.
POLISH TELEVISION:
Polish TV has long been producing some of the best Polish films and this season includes works by Wajda and Zanussi.
For further details contact the NFT, South Bank, Waterloo Box Office. Tel: 928 3232/3
Membership from 40p weekly

French's THEATRE BOOKSHOP
For All Plays and Books on the Theatre and Opera. Call write or telephone for catalogues and to be put on our FREE Mailing List for up-to-date information on theatrical literature.
26 Southampton Street, London WC2. 01-836 7513.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chups but you won't be alive to worry. Thus, when towards the end of *The Long Good Friday,* Bob Hoskins as Harold Shand, czar of the London underworld, goes for one of his lieutenants and the blood hits the fan, you know he has gone beyond his intentions and killed him rather than scarred him for life. It was the only point at which the film went, for me, beyond its intentions, although I suppose that is to say that the earlier, no less violent scenes were, like the slow motion bullet wounds, tempered by distance and humour. For Barry Keefe's script crackles with East End wit and, under John Mackenzie's sharp direction, Bob Hoskins turns in a tour-de-force as the gangster whose empire is suddenly, on the Good Friday he is to complete a deal with the Mafia to carve up London's waterfront, threatened with death and destruction.

Death as a spectacle is the subject of another, not quite domestic, product. *Deathwatch,* set in a northern city that looks as though it has just come through the 27th World War — that is to say, present-day Glasgow — is a Franco-German production. Death by anything other than extreme old age or accident has been abolished so, to boost the ratings, it is arranged that Katherine Mortenhoe (Romy Schneider) die of some forgotten disease, all closely observed and transmitted by Harvey Keitel as a television producer who has swapped his retinas for television cameras — the ultimate TV eye. Katherine's profession turns out to be writing pulp fiction with the aid of a computer. I imagine this script was written in a similar way. It does though contain one scene of dire foreboding: Katherine, on the run from Keitel, buys, for several million pounds, a second-hand wig. Could it be that, an aeon from now, Thatcher is still in power!

Films

John Coleman

School's Out

Une Semaine de Vacances (AA) *Curzon*
Chapter Two (A) *Odeon, Leicester Square*

Although Victorian literature is riddled with angst, and indeed the age of Shakespeare and Donne affords rich instances of self-scrutinising anguish, we seem today quite peculiarly prone to the notion that we suffer more, and younger, than any previous generations. The clearest evidence of this in-turned torment, the most resonant images of this hysterical self-regard verging on hopelessness are to be found in what — for want of a better term — is called art cinema, i.e. films that win prizes at the pickier festivals but are unlikely to achieve mass audiences. In such a context, names like Antonioni, Bergman, Wim Wenders are archetypal. The hero or heroine — sometimes both — will undergo a period of protracted depression, act apparently at random, behave as if semi-concussed; people, things, incidents are registered during solitary walks or journeys in a kind of I-am-a-camera style and may well assume emblematic significance. At worst — and there is a lot of worst — the viewer in the stalls is incited to become a decoder of thumbing nonsequiturs, carefully planted irrelevancies. Teutonically tendentious road-movies are my particular *bête noire* in this area. It is therefore with enormous pleasure that one welcomes Bertrand Tavernier's *Une Semaine de Vacances.* Eminently fashionable as it might sound in synopsis, it brings that rarest of qualities, a humane naturalism, to its portrait of a week's holiday — recommended by her doctor — taken by Laurence (Nathalie Baye, the most credible performer in Truffaut's *La Chambre Verte*), a 31-year-old schoolteacher in Lyons, who suddenly crumples under doubts and fears. Even her long-suffering lover, the amiable Pierre (Gerard Lanvin), fails to josh or reason her out of despair. And yet, returning to the 'kennel' after her week off, this charming and faintly tiresome Laurence (it is beautifully right one should feel spasms of impatience with her) goes back to work, persuasively rejuvenated.

Unlike so many of its order, the film flows with unforced ease — and unease — through a warmly photographed Lyons in wintry February, a truncated visit to the teacher's home village where her father is very ill, flashbacks to moments of failure in the classroom and with Pierre. To single out items, encounters, snatches of dialogue from a mass of notes would seem contradictory, since the excellence of Tavernier's direction and of his wife's collaborative script precisely depends on a seamlessness, an induced sense of inevitability. But there *is* a turning-point in Laurence's extreme *cafard,* her growing friendship with a bistro-owner, a widower (excellent Michel Galabru), who was always useless at school and whose son is now one of Laurence's biggest worries. There is a crucial little dinner-party, when they are joined by Philippe Noiret — as *L'Horloger de St Paul,* an earlier Tavernier film — who talks unaffectedly of *his* jailed son; they drink a bit too much, reminisce gaily, ponder contemporary youth. 'Kids no longer resemble their parents,' says the widower. 'They resemble their time [*époque*].' His son's 'a 1980'. And — without attempting a sociological plumbing of depths — cutting between classroom, chats with Laurence's raffish colleague Anne (there's a wonderfully giggly scene in a cafe where Laurence is encouraged to eavesdrop on the high, erotic conversation of Anne's current boyfriend), and life with Pierre, the film ferries over a convincing and painful experience of the current generation gap, of the difficulties that *are* — after all — special to our age. Not all's gloom. There is much joy, and an interesting act of homage to *Kes.*

The flash-and-repartee of Neil Simon almost invariably leaves me in two minds: his and mine. The result of his very funny, nearly moving, snappily played *Chapter Two* is something akin to suspended irritation. Beefy, dopey James Caan has a good stab at impersonating a laceratingly bereaved intellectual novelist, George, who makes his serious money — like so many of one's acquaintance — from pseudonymous thrillers. Drawn from a fêted Simon play, in turn tweezered from the author's own re-marriage — to the actress Marsha Mason — after his first wife's death, the plot glibly hinges on George's being set up by his swinging if married brother on a date with recently divorced actress Jennie (Miss Mason). Their initial phone-in reluctance and sparring is marvellously comic, New York's best banter, and their first encounter shrewdly heartwarming. He likes saying 'OK' and says it, in her flat doorway. She: 'Is that a review?' He rattles on. 'This is not talking. This is impressing. Talking comes later.' Referring to his brother's previous attempts at foisting ladies on him, George explains, 'I've decided to take everything Leo says with a grain of panic.' And so, finely, on. A whirlwind affair finds them — against warnings from younger brother and Jennie's dearest chum (Valerie Harper of *Rhoda*), who themselves try a disastrous sexual interlude — rushing into marriage. Things sour during their honeymoon trip, insanely on the same island as George's first, and the anticipated happy ending is only manufactured with difficulty.

For, as George has correctly said, 'I'm fighting to hang on to self-pity and I run into the most understanding girl in the world,' and one has got greatly cheesed off with him longer before this home-truth. The honeymoon trip (not *in* the play) is mostly done idyllic-commercial style. And even in the big, all-stops-out speeches, notably in Jennie's long, breathless, impassioned bid to hang on at any cost, Simon's crafty articulacy — ideal for his slick comedies of manners — impedes the real hurt he wants to express. To do her justice,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marsha Mason had me hovering her author's way for a moment or two. Elsewhere, everywhere, there is the usual crackle of wisecracks and even wisecracks to enjoy in this Broadway *Rebecca*. Alone, at first, Jennie decides to have another shot at *Doctor Zhivago*. 'I'd read filth,' advises Miss Harper. And Joseph Bologna's rueful Leo has his quiverful. 'The trouble with marriage,' he enunciates, 'it's relentless.' Trouble with Neil Simon, too.

P.S. Catch-up time next week. Meanwhile, Murnau's overrated yet hypnotising *Sunrise* (1927) at the Scala, 6-8 September, and *all* Garbo (save *The Atonement of Gösta Berling*) at the munificent NFT throughout this month.

Television

Julian Barnes

Tout en Carton

Christine Keeler emerged from the past this week, and gave her first television interview since 1963 to *Newsnight* (BBC-2). She's now 38, and starting a new career — 'I'm commercialising' — as an advice columnist for *Men Only*. The bone structure is still as impeccable as ever, and with a little help from a dentist (Paul Raymond's £400 a month will come in handy) she would quickly recapture her startling Sixties beauty.

The fact that she gave a sad, dull interview was largely due to the aggressive relish of John Tusa, who seems to have spotted his resemblance to the Chief Sandbagger, Roy Marsden, and is acting accordingly. Television interviewers, as we know, rarely have much difficulty with the hushed voice and the crawling posture when handling a Great Train Robber, or Maudling, or Profumo for that matter. But give them a woman whose crime was that, when barely adult, she went to bed with men for money, and they can really show how tough and truth-seeking they can be. Tusa even managed to make the collapse of Ms Keeler's two marriages sound like an indictable offence. Her only reply lay in a sort of unconfident honesty. 'I think my morals are as good as anyone else's,' she offered in conclusion; and given the fact that she was sitting in a television studio, one couldn't fault her judgment too much.

Gore Vidal is another who sniffs the studio air as if it reminded him of the musty odour of a second-grade brothel. He and Anthony Burgess were interviewed on *Festival 80* after attending the Edinburgh Writers' Conference: 'Perfectly pleasant and not to be repeated,' as the American put it. Burgess, with his sculpted old-lag haircut and a ridiculous emerald kipper tie, surprisingly (and hearteningly) jumped at the opportunity of rubbishing *A Clockwork Orange:* 'It was written rapidly, for money, in five weeks if I remember . . . a juvenile book, a *jeu d'esprit*.' When the Festival's theatrical adaptation of the work was mentioned, Burgess displayed thoroughgoing disdain: he wasn't even going along to watch it.

As for Vidal, his television act (who knows, his life act as well) has been thoroughly honed down the years. Utterly ironic, aloofly camp, with every position impenetrably defended, his tube style promptly reduces interviewers either to base fawning, or unwise attempts at their own wit, or both. He gives the impression that, while of course he doesn't have the slightest need ever to appear on television, he does occasionally get so damnably bored with the rest of life that popping down to the studio and discountenancing some interviewer is the only way to get over it. No question seems to rankle him: even (my own secret master plan) 'Mr Vidal, is there any truth in the rumour that you've had a bum-lift?' would no doubt be effortlessly turned to one's own disadvantage. On this occasion he recounted his famous quarrel with Norman Mailer — 'He's three feet tall and three feet wide and looks like Colette.' His version has been perfected down a thousand chat shows, but still tells well. 'I met him and looked down on him and thought "My God, it's Colette", but fortunately I said, "Hello, Norman", and he threw a drink at me and a tiny fist grazed my face and then Norman went off and phoned all the gossip columnists.' It sounds even better with the pauses in, and with that eyebrow raised a millimetre to judge exactly how much of it the interviewer is swallowing.

A Century of Tests (BBC-1), another contribution to Arlott Summer, was irritatingly assembled but contained some marvellous old footage: that brief clip of W.G. Grace swinging the bat; a Movietone News Report on the bodyline series (was there ever a blander sporting euphemism than our phrase 'leg thoery'?); Bradman coming out to bat for the last time in England and receiving three cheers — two out of relief, no doubt — from the England fielders; and Frank Tyson, bowling at typhoon pace off a run-up of scarcely a dozen yards. There were scenes, too, from last week's Old England v Old Australia match, though you had to be armoured against sadness to bear the sight of Trueman and Tyson waddling up to bowl today: beer-bellies flopping, and a leisurely long hop at the end of it all. Neil Harvey fielded in dark glasses; Tony Lock complained about the modern game — 'You can't drag, swear, or throw'; and the cameraderie struck one as entire, forgiving, and warm-hearted.

Sunday night was very silly. The *News* (BBC-1) had some film of Crusader 80, which (you probably didn't know) is Britain's biggest military exercise since world war two, and by the end of October will have cost eight and a half million pounds. It began — as all the best wars do — with a tableload of Bucks Fizzes being mixed for brasshats beside the A34. Thereafter the troops embarked for Zeebrugge. This, presumably, was because the French fishermen wouldn't let them splash ashore at any of the other Channel ports.

Scarcely less absurd was *The Curse of Tutankhamen's Tomb,* Harlech TV's bit of last-minute franchise-fodder. This had Perry Mason in Turkish bath kit with a handtowel on his head, and changing several degrees of make-up hue each time he came on; Robin Ellis as a 22-year-old version of the 50-year-old Howard Carter; a set of leaping scorpions, capable of jumping six feet off the ground and attaching themselves to their victims' faces; and Eva Marie Saint (who can jump six feet off the ground and attach herself to my face any time). The script, by one Herb Meadow, reminded me that the French pun on Tutankhamen, current at the time of his exhibition in Paris, was *tout en carton:* 'everything in cardboard'.

Weekend Competition

No 2633 **Set by Russell Lucas**

Mnemonic time. Memorable rhymes, please, which establish the chronological sequence of as many American Presidents, British Prime Ministers, Poets Laureate or Heavyweight Boxing Champions as can be accommodated in 14 lines. By 19 September.

No 2639 **Set by T. A. Sweetman**

Songs for today in the style of Lehrer.

Report **By Fat Jeff**

I knew it would happen. All that retraining nonsense (for someone of my experience!) and then they're on bended knee to me to come back. 'We're short-handed', they explained, to sound business-like, but I could hear the desperation. 'Squiffy and Jugge claim to be penned up on Rhodes by the French fishermen and PC 49 is devoting 24 hours a day to fending off a hysterical Mrs Squiffy. Besides, Jeff, you're the only one around who actually *remembers* Lehrer properly.' So I agreed to step in, let bygones by bygones — for now. As for your entries: very fair, I'd say, well tried. The rules didn't specify a Lehrer *tune*, but the best of the songs called to mind something of the Lehrer *voice* — bored by perversion, casual about corruption, with just enough energy for the occasional back-of-the-throat growl and all the time insouciantly throwing away tricksy rhymes. Hon. menshes (glory only type) for E. O. Parrott, Frank Anderson, May Day and Susan H. Llewellyn and eight — no, *nine*, in honour of my return, greenies for each song printed. Ms de Meaner, whose behaviour has been odd to say the least ever since she judged that pointless proberbs comp, instructs me to add 'autumn brings its rewards'.

I've given the windows a light wash
Of Mr Whitelaw's Whitehall whitewash,
A precaution that mightn't (or might) wash.
Of the danger we're not unaware,
But whether we win or we lose, dear,
At least we've got plenty of booze, dear,
And one of those chemical loos, dear,
That should last us a fortnight with care.
Then after the nuclear fall-out
(For we shan't have been brought to our knees)
How relieved we shall all be to crawl out,
And amid pungent whiffs
From the piles of charred stiffs
Take deep sniffs of the atomised —
'up Guards and at 'em'-ised — sniffs of the
atomised breeze.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Neighbours, praise my nuclear vision, 'cause my
shelter is Elysian,
Yeah, it's bigger than the bye-laws would allow,
An' back-handers for permission an' a ten per cent
commission
Have gazumped the price to nearly twenty thou.

Yankee cruises make you queasy? You'd rather
play Parcheesi?
Let me take you in like any neighbour should.
The decor ain't that easy — sorta early martial
Kesey
But the wall-stain's guaranteed White Anglo-Saxon
blood

Say, it isn't just the hayseeds buy a shelter
When the writing on the wall gets too obscene.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I've a coffin lined with lead an' I'd enjoy the Armageddons
If it wasn't for the dull spells in between.
J. H. BENTLEY

Bright Conference days!
Oh seaside days that fly,
The Red Flag we sing
With glasses raised on high.
Let's drink a toast as each of us recalls
The Party that we love in all those seaside halls.
Remember the bonhomie,
Long live the mixed economy,
Our fight for true isonomy!
To the so-called Gang of Three,
To the Nye philosophy;
Yes we all went multilateral when we went,
It was no puny matter — all
Voted unilateral,
And the motion didn't cause a single dent;
For we all went multilateral when we went.
P. W. R. FOOT

We used to get ur kicks out of sex
But now our laughter needs to be certificate X
We have to raise the tempo
So bring back the hemp, oh
Let's have a few more broken necks

The national spirit needs some focus
We're ruled by non-smokers, let's elect some jokers
We want to see some fun done
Bring back swinging London
Roll out those old professional chokers

We shut our traps when we were very young
But now we've climbed up to the managerial rung
So let's have a giggle
Let's watch the riff-raff wriggle
We want to see the working class well-hung.
BILL GREENWELL

The prospect for Britain is gloomy,
Unemployment gets worse every day,
But Prior says, 'Please do not boo me,
Just listen to me when I say:
It will never get well if you picket,
Whatever may be your complaint,
That sort of thing just isn't cricket,
It's time for a little restraint.

Strikes call for peaceful persuasion,
No more than six men at the gate,
The chaps can be white, black or Asian,
But there musn't be seven or eight.

It will never get well if you picket,
So lay down your bottles and bricks,
Remember the fuzz 'n' stick to a half-dozen
And we'll knock the depression — a passing recession — we'll knock the depression for six.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 196 **Young Swedish talent**

The annual swiss-system international at Gausdal in Norway is usually quite a strong event. This year, though, a Soviet/Eastern bloc boycott on the principle of "if you won't come to our Olympics then we won't play in your tournaments" considerably weakened the tournament and meant that I started the clear favourite. However, if anyone expected a walk-over I soon disillusioned them!

In the first round I carelessly threw away a crushing position to draw with the Swedish international, Renman. In the second I narrowly scraped a win against his compatriot, Lind. In the third I faced yet another Swede, the 21 year old Dan Cramling. It was a strange game. After the opening complications had fizzled out we both assessed the position as favourable for me. Unfortunately it turned out to be totally lost.

This mishap left me 1½ points adrift of my young conqueror. At the time I put it down to a minor accident and felt sure that I would start winning and he losing. I was half right. I won virtually everything in sight — I had to because he didn't lose! With two games to play I had narrowed the gap to half a point and we both faced tough opposition, he black against the strong IM Schneider and I white against the Finnish GM Westerinen. By the middlegame things were looking up. I had an edge, though only an edge, but Schneider had a tremendous position. I maintained my edge to a knight ending, and the adjournment, and then went over to find out the other result. Schneider had lost! Somewhere in the middle of his winning attack he had made an error and Cramling had not just survived but snatched the whole point.

Dejected, I went off to analyse my position which suggested that my 'edge' was now probably large enough to win, but it certainly wasn't easy. Early in the second session when I was clearly winning I tried to be clever and suddenly what had been straightforward turned into the proverbial nightmare. The game had started at 1.30 pm. After more ups and down than I care to remember I finally won almost 12 hours later. So I was still in touch. The last round pairings favoured me — though the 9 am start certainly didn't! Luckily I won before I woke up. Cramling was paired with Lars Karleson, currently ranked number 2 in Sweden and out to re-establish the fact, and this he did.

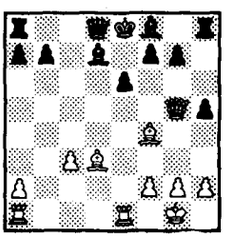
Thus the leading scores were Miles (England) 7/9, Cramling and Karleson (Sweden) 6½, de Firmian and Strauss (USA) and Renman and Svenn (Sweden) 6, Westerninen (Finland) and Donaldson (USA) 5½. Though naturally relieved I felt rather sorry for Cramling and wouldn't have begrudged him at least a share of first prize. However, he did have the compensation of his second IM norm. Incidentally, his 17 year old sister Pia also scored her second WIM norm though it didn't interest her much "that's only for women" (!) She is the leading Swede of either sex for her age. I was very impressed by both Cramlings and suspect that they will be great players of the future.

White: A.J. Miles **Black: D. Cramling**

1.P-Q4, P-KN3; 2.P-K4, B-N2; 3.P-QB4; P-Q3; 4.N-QB3, N-Q2; 5.N-B3, P-K4; 6.B-K2, kn-B3; 7.0-0, 0-0; 8.B-K3, P-R4; 9.Q-B2, N-N5; 10.B-N5, P-KB3; 11.B-Q2, PxP; 12.NxP, N-B4; 13.P-KR3, P-B4; 14.PxN, BxN; 15.KPxP, PxP; 16.B-R6, PxP! 17.Q-Q2! Q-R5; 18.QxB, QxB; 19.N-Q5, R-B2; 20.BxP, BxB; 21.QxBch, R-N2; 22.Q-Q4, R-KB1; 23.KR-K1, N-K3! 24.Q-B3, P-B3! 25.N-K3, N-B5; 26.P-B3, Q-N4; 27.Q-Q2 (?), NxP? 28.QxN, Q-QB4! and Black won.

Problem 196

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 17 September.

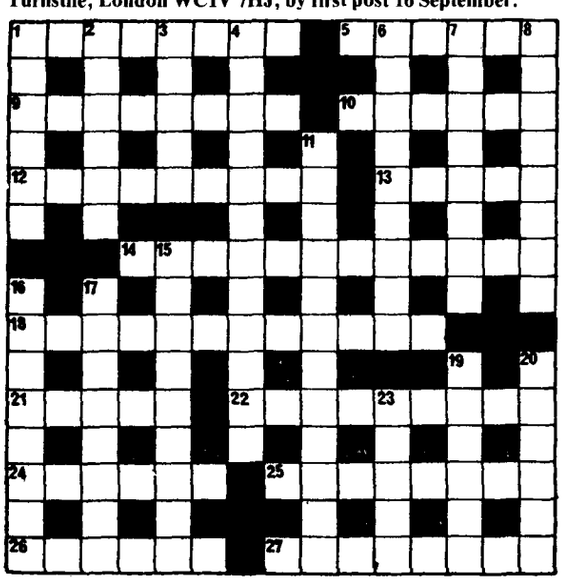


Solution to Problem 194

1 . . . Q-B7ch; 2.K-R1, P-B5! 3.Q-B3 (if 3.PxP, N-R5! or 3.BxN, PxP mating), PxP! 4.QxQ, PxQ; 5.B-K2, K-N1 with a winning ending.

Weekend Crossword 1355

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1355, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 16 September.



ACROSS

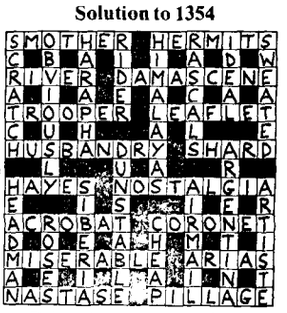
1 Thronging like a district preparing for war (8)
5 Place to spoil before there is a depression (6)
9 It is all bloody round a decapitated man and it is full of symbolism (8)
10 One master for a tailor (6)
12 Anticipate everything taking place behind the trees (9)
13 The stupid give point to their studies (5)
14 If this soup is colourless, possibly one drowns in it (5, 7)
18 Official person who turns up about an errand (12)
21 Name of her niece (5)
22 Defeat by one kind of run (9)
24 Snakes depicted by horse painters (6)
25 The saint converts the doubtful (8)
26 Author who sounds austere (6)
27 After attacks return swimmers are unsupple (8)

DOWN

1 Those who work for the county? (6)
2 Charm which makes everyone rue being different (6)
3 A wise man is Augustus, to follow his mother (5)
4 Entertainer who gives an exhibition of ancient English cleverness (6,6)
6 Plenty having something to eat at a social occasion (9)
7 Scholar who enters a vessel in his catalogue (8)
8 Tired of fighting and cautious about a river (8)
11 Orchestral music which has to be soft to appeal to people in the street (4,8)
15 Make a fuss when one is found upside down in the fruit (5,4)
16 'Books must follow —— and not —— books' (Bacon) (8)
17 Subject to a final word with the competent (8)
19 Sheep found in the far Galilean mountains (6)
20 Change control (6)
23 'See how yond justice rails upon yond simple ——' *(King Lear)* (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1354



Prizewinners to No 1354

M. R. Dennis (Truro)
R. Hewison (Stanton St John)
H. A. G. Ridsdale (Torquay)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

Researcher -World In Action

Experience in broadcast or print journalism is essential and we shall be looking for investigative skills combined with evidence of a flair for written and/or visual communication.

The base will probably be Manchester, on a six month contract initially.

Give me brief but concise details of your background and experience.

Bob Connell, Ref. G58, Granada Television Ltd., Quay St., Manchester M60 9EA.

Closing date: Tuesday September 16th.

GRANADA TELEVISION

LATIN AMERICAN DESK PERSON

needed in the London office of an agency working with community-based development projects in the Third World. Applications should have as much of the following experience as possible.

- **experience of working in community based projects**
- **overseas experience**
- **team work experience**
- **administrative skills including typing**
- **knowledge of Latin America**
- **ability to speak Spanish**

Contact: **CIIR Overseas Section, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. 01-487 4397**

Sending full details of your previous experience

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR VOLUNTARY ORGANISATIONS

SOCIAL POLICY ANALYSIS

An Independent Voice

Senior Planning Officer needed to join a small team preparing reports on social welfare policy and practice from a non-government perspective. Understanding of Social Policy and machinery of government and ability to write under pressure essential.

Salary Scale £7,350-£8,900 (under review) + £780 London Weighting

Further details from: **Personnel Officer, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU Tel: 01-636 4066**

Industrial Relations Officer

(BASED IN BELFAST)

The British Medical Association is extending its services to members by providing advice and assistance on matters concerning their terms and conditions of service and employment legislation generally.

To meet this need, a specialist is required with knowledge of Northern Ireland employment legislation and its application to industrial relations. Applicants should be fully experienced in all aspects of employee relations and previous experience of the Health Service would be an advantage. Salary range is £6,960-£10,500 and a car will be provided as extensive travel throughout Northern Ireland will be required.

Applications giving full details of career and salary together with the names of 2 business referees should be sent (quoting, on the envelope, reference BED/IRO/31) to The Personnel Manager, The British Medical Association, BMA House, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP. To arrive no later than Friday, 19 September 1980.

HACKNEY TRADES COUNCIL

TRADE UNION SUPPORT UNIT

is a newly established Trust set up to stimulate Trade Union interest in inner city regeneration, to research into the local economy and to develop its own policy and plans in relation to the regeneration of Hackney's industry. To establish the unit and achieve these objectives we need

2 full-time workers

for an initial period of 3 years.
35 hr week. Salary £6,000 (Approx.)

Further details and Application Form from:

Mr David Davies, 96 Dalston Lane, London E8.

Closing date: **10 Sept. 1980**

SOUTH ISLINGTON LAW CENTRE

New law centre requires

UP TO NINE WORKERS,

three of whom will be legally qualified, to work in areas such as housing (experience/qualification in surveying, architecture, public health, or planning welcome), employment, family rights, and the rights of ethnic minorities.

Please write for details to:

Paul Lowenberg, 25 Balfe St, London N1.

Closing date: **1 October 1980.**

NT NATIONAL THEATRE

has a vacancy for an

ASSISTANT

to the

Music Department

The Assistant will provide a full secretarial and administrative service to the small, but busy Music Department.

The successful applicant will have good secretarial skills with, preferably shorthand; together with a music background of either administration or performing.

Salary within the range £4,300 to £5,250 per annum.

Please contact: **David Gordon, Personnel Manager, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 9PX. Tel: 01-928 2033 ext. 389/340**

YEMEN

A social researcher

required to work with a team of health workers in a remote mountainous area of rural Yemen. The work will partly be defined by the researcher in discussion with the team but will include collection of basic census data, and health statistics, and investigation of local community structures.

Contract is for a two year period. Pre-departure and other allowances including air fare and a resettlement grant. A salary is given which is low and related to local rates. Language training.

Contact: **CIIR Overseas Section, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. 01-487 4397**

sending full details of your previous experience.

Equity Theatre Department

require

AUDIO/SECRETARY

Starting Salary £90.50 p.w. reviewed Jan. 1981.
3 weeks holiday + LVs

Tel: 01-637 9311 Ext. 48

Appointments Wanted

POLITICS GRADUATE, socialist, actor, driver, 25, seeks interesting work in London/H. Counties. Box 9328.

WRITER, JOURNALIST, RESEARCHER? Do you need a non-secretarial assistant? Paul Lyons 328 7566.

CREATIVE CAREERS, Superb openings in Publishing, The Arts, Current Affairs, Politics, Education and the Business World, for 'A' Level and Graduate Secretaries and Typists. Permanent and Temporary. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holidays/Travel

LENINGRAD £125

NOV 1st-12th. Join in the festivities arranged for the 61st anniversary of the liberation of the Russian people from Czarist oppression.

LENINGRAD CRUISE (from Tilbury) £197

May 22nd-31st, 1981, calling at Rostock & Gdansk en route

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269, or write.

REGENT HOLIDAYS WINTER TOURS

ALBANIA — 20-30 December
Based in Tirana with optional excursions. **£224.00**

CUBA — 20 December-5 January
Tour of the island. **£615.00**

HUNGARY — 20-27 December
Based in Budapest including excursions. **£230.00**

VIETNAM — 15 December-3 January
Tour of the country. **£1,085.00**

REGENT HOLIDAYS (U.K.) LTD,
13 Small Street, Bristol BS1 1DE
Telephone: 0272 211711

N.W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD OFFER A HIGH STANDARD OF SERVICE WITH A WIDE CHOICE OF MODELS:
We have been established in Hampstead since 1927.
Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at
59 HEATH ST. NW3
(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N.W. London readers only, please

LATIN AMERICA. 5 low cost holiday journeys. 3/4/5 wks. Broch: Journey Latin America Ltd, 10 Barley Mow Passage, London W4. 01-994 6477.

WELSH HILLS, Superb situation, all comforts, D. b. + b., £47 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, N. Wales. Llanrwst 640566.

Personal

A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE, and no one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there. Contact 'Status', the premier and reputable intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

AUTHORS INVITED SUBMIT MSS, all types (including poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe. (Established 1898).

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FEMALE, English Graduate, (not intellectual), seeks the company of a pleasant 'old-fashioned feller', aged 35-45. Pref. Oxford area. Box 9025.

FEMININE, useful widow of prof. man, 60s, living London. Slim, fair, 5' 2", considered attractive, would like to meet unattached gentleman, 5' 8", dependable, congenial, kind. Share/care rest of the way. Tel. no. Box 9323.

GENTLE JOGGER, 35, arts oriented, solvent and sorted out, unkeen on Radio One, DIY and meat seeks a woman for the usual entanglements. Box 9289.

GENTLEMEN, we are a Registered Introduction Service and have a number of sincere, mature Ladies, who seek companionship and friendship. Write initially to: Box 9310.

HAVE YOU THEIR HANDWRITING? Want to know what they are really like? Graphology tells you extremely accurately everything you want to know. Cobham (Surrey) 2282.

LIFE AFTER 40. Recently formed study/discussion group of over 40s exploring issues of: employment, retirement, education, health, sexuality etc. Details: phone 01-348 9312 or (outside London). Box 9307.

LIVELY, middle-aged, committed socialist, with wide range of normal interests, seeks left wing life loving, natural woman aged 45 to 55, who also believes 'we shall overcome'. Warmth and outgoing personality preferred to academic status. Practical with a touch of poetry. Advertiser divorced, has reasonable income and own London home. Box 9308.

MALE LECTURER, 26, seeks attractive female. Age, status immaterial. Box 9348.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Ct, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

NEAR LONDON? Mid-40s widow — professional — would like warm, articulate male companion to share love of music, humour. Many other interests, but adaptable — sensitivity all-important. Box 9294.

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For info. phone 01-359 7656/6703, 041-221 1090, 061-834 8964, 0272 44365.

PROFESSIONAL graduate, f., 40, mountain lover enjoying golf, gardening, theatre, Sunday Times, sense of humour and the unconventional, would like to meet man, 40-50, with similar background. Box 9293.

QUIET, intelligent woman, 49, seeks similar male. Box 9311.

PIANO TUNING. Defective notes, pedals repaired. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU — Introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

UNIVERSITY TEACHER, tall, slim, middle-aged, sense of humour, seeks friendship with educated, discreet lady, living London. Box 8975.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princess Avenue, N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m. 6.30-7 p.m.) and weekends.

WHY PAY OVER THE ODDS for Durex? Choose from our F.P.A. approved range. 11 sheath sampler £1. 48 Gossamer £4.93, 48 Nu-form extra safe £5.52, 40 Forget-me-not £3.92. Round pound parcel (6 brands, 49 sheaths £6.72 value) £5. Full details and free 'expert's guide' with your first order. Dept NSN 28, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

UNATTACHED!!!
This is a challenge to your courage.
Telephone or write to
KENNEDY MATRIMONIAL BUREAU
6 Kennedy Court
Brent Street, NW4
01-202 7926

FRIENDS
All over the world (France, Germany, Canada, Switzerland, Belgium, etc.) Friendship, language, exchanges, etc.
Request free brochure:
Amis du Courrier
Av. Chateau 30. 4880 SPA
Belgium

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 451118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

THE HAMPSTEAD CHORAL SOCIETY

has vacancies for new members in all voices. The 1980/81 programme includes works by Britten, Purcell, Scarlatti, Vaughan Williams, Kodaly and Mozart, and Handel's Messiah in the Royal Festival Hall in May 1981.

If you would like to apply for an audition, please contact Mrs Dennis, 1 Prince Arthur Road, NW3 (telephone 794 7079) as soon as possible.

Secretarial

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

ENGLISH MA will type theses, MSS, languages etc. accurately. 01-226 1405.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc, done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Property

BLOOMSBURY WC1. Superbly located modernised flat, mansion block. Porter, entryphone, lift, c.h. 1 recep., 1 single bdrm, lge kit./diner, bthrm. Furnished, equipped and newly decorated to highest standards. 84 years lease. Complete £50,000. Tel. 01-580 1209.

IDEAL PIED-A TERRE. Earl's Court. Sunny top-floor flat in quiet garden square. Sitting room, bedroom, kitchen-diner, bathroom. 995 yr lease. £33,500 to include fittings and furnishings. Tel: 01-370 4843.

Accommodation Vacant

The Sloane Club

ANNOUNCES

Completion of new bedrooms.
Single from £11.00 per night.
The comfortable bedrooms and gracious facilities offered to members are all you would expect from your London Club.

Membership is restricted to ensure, as far as possible, availability of accommodation.

Details of membership from:
The Secretary,
THE SLOANE CLUB
52 Lower Sloane Street, SW1W 8BS
01-730 9131 Quote ref. NS

FOR WOMAN ACADEMIC/professional, small quiet separate room w. ckg facilities in SW5 flat. Share bathroom. £20 p.w. excl. heating, for up to one yr. Refs asked. Box 9295.

ISLINGTON period family house to let furnished for one year from mid-Sept., 3 beds, 2 baths, fully modernised, c.h. etc. £110 p.w. Box 9296.

RICHMOND. Considerate person to share spacious, riverside flat, one other. £100 p.c.m. Box 9327.

ROOM AVAILABLE in shared house. £17.50 p.w. Stoke Newington. Tel. 01-249 0857 (eves).

SURBITON. Waterloo 16 mins. 3 bedr. town house. C.h. Free Sept. £75 p.w. Leatherhead 72619.

TUFNELL PARK: Female for large house & garden. C.h. £20 p.w. Tel. 607 1659.

VEGETARIAN SOCIALIST wanted to share large house N16. Currently two adults three children. Own bedroom, sitting room, bathroom. Share kitchen. £75 p.c.m. Box 9339.

Wanted

FURNISHED FLAT/house in SW London, reqd for 3 female graduates. Tel. 01-735 8698.

POSTGRADUATE and 1st degree students require rooms, flats, houses — often for 9-12 months only. Ring LSE 01-405 7686 ext. 468/607.

YOUNG PUBLISHING MANAGER urgently requires s/c. studio flat or similar within convenient reach of Central London. Please 'phone 01-580 3401 during office hours.

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). 'Othello' 'Sinden's performance is a great one' E. Standard and 'Twelfth Night' 'Cherie Lunghi is a magical Viola' Gdn. RSC also at The Warehouse in Brecht's 'Baal' 'Brimming with energy, inventiveness and passion' E. Standard and Nikolai Erdman's 'The Suicide' 'Highly entertaning farce, with an electrifying central performance from Roger Rees' Time Out. RSC also at the Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's 'hilarious' 'Educating Rita'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Writer's Cramp' by John Byrne. 'Wonderfully funny', FT. 'Splendid improbable spoof', D. Mail. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Galileo', 'Othello', 'Sisterly Feelings'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Death of A Salesman', 'Watch on the Rhine'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Line 'Em'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616. cc 261 1821. 'S'. Peter O'Toole in 'Macbeth', directed by Bryan Forbes. Evgs 7.30. From 10 Sept. Bryan Marshall & Timothy West in 'Lancelot and Guinevere'.

THEATREGOERS — please note: cc — credit cards; S-Student standby.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Maitresse' for members only. M'ship 20p. Allow 24 hrs approval.

Poetry

MATCHLIGHT. British Poetry Today. Orangery/Holland Park. 7.15 11 Sept. John Wain/Anne Stevenson. Enquiries: 01-352 7409.

Publications

INDUSTRIAL HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Mddx.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. S.a.e. to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Rd, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

THE RED FLAG: Illustrated Poster (24" × 18") of Socialism's Song (five verses). £1 from Glossoprint (NS), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.

VOZ DA UNIDADE, Movimento and other progressive publications from Brasil available at Carila Latin American Bookshop, 29 Islington Park Street, London N1.

Financial

BUILDING SOCIETY MORTGAGES, remortgages, non-status mortgages, shops with flats and all difficult mortgages, available. Telephone 01-864 0244 between 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. Tel. 01-734 1974.

WE USED TO THINK HOME was an ex-prime minister until we discovered squatting, and now we need a loan of £8,000 to publish our pictorial history book. Can you help? Box 9358.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£100 to £25,000 unsecured
REGIONAL TRUST LTD,
GPO Box 4RT, 31 Dover St,
Piccadilly, London W1A 4RT
01-491 2934 or 01-499 5416

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
603 2865. 27 Royal Crescent Mews, London W11.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courses

The Polytechnic of Central London School of Communication
Cultural and Community Studies Unit American Studies Resources Centre

Evening Courses 1980/81

America Revised
Recent interpretations of political and cultural conflict in the USA
10 sessions, 7 October — 9 December 1980

From Beat to Bust
American poets and novelists in the 50s and 60s
10 sessions, 7 October — 9 December 1980

A History of American Photography
Photojournalism, fashion, landscape, portrait
25 sessions, 9 October 1980 — Easter 1981

The Artist and Performer in American Society since 1930
10 sessions, from 13 January 1981

US Government and Politics
An analysis of recent trends
10 sessions, 19 January — 23 March 1981

Exhibition: The Photography of Walker Evans
1 — 20 December 1980 Monday — Saturday, 8.30 — 20.30
Regent Street Gallery, PCL, 309 Regent Street, W1

Full details of American Studies courses from: Short Course Unit, PCL, 309 Regent Street, London W1R 8AL. Tel: 01-580 2020 ext 221.

NORTH STAFFS POLY

BA (INTERNATIONAL STUDIES)

— a degree of understanding
— starting every October

We live in an increasingly 'smaller' world — one of economic and environmental interdependence. Our world is marked by dramatic social and political changes — for example, the rise of the OPEC states and Islam. Moreover, advances in weapons technology have given man the power to destroy life on this planet.

The analysis of these and related problems is the central concern of our degree. For further details and application forms contact:

Dr T. Taylor, Department of International Relations and Politics, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, College Road, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. ST4 2DE.

GERMAN LANGUAGE COURSES

Evening classes (all levels). Intensive courses, mornings or afternoons (beginners and intermediate). Special courses in commercial German, translation, and conversation.
Enrolment: 24-26 September 1980, 5-7 p.m.
Also: Background studies, O- and A-level workshops for teachers of German.
Beginners and 2nd year courses for Modern Language Teachers.
Details on request.

GOETHE-INSTITUT LONDON
50 Princes Gate (Exhibition Rd)
London SW7 2PG.
Tel: 01-581 3344/7

FRENCH INSTITUTE

EVENING CLASS
IN FRENCH CIVILISATION
(held in French)

The French modern literary scene. Contemporary French history and current affairs, every Thursday 6 to 9 p.m. £35 for 16 weeks, standard of 'A' level French required.

Registration: 15th to 26th Sept.
Course commences: **9 October**
Details:
14 Cromwell Place, SW7 2JR
(s.a.e.)
Tel: Office hours 11.30-12.30 and 3.30-6.30. 01-589 6211 (ext. 45)

ANTHONY HOPKINS residential music study weekend 17/19 October. Details (also other music courses) from RMSA, Little Benslow Hills, Hitchin, Herts. (Tel. 59446).

FILM MAKING. Prof. offers group or indiv. tuition, in 16mm film production. 278 7263.

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, Russian. Courses for conversation (all grades) for GCE 'O' & 'A' levels or Institute of Linguists. Full-time day, part-time evening or private. Also Postal courses in French. Mentor, 15N, Alfred Place, London WC1 (Goodge St tube) Tel. 631 4635.

GERMAN Individual Tuition, all stages, by naturalised British subject, academically trained Germany. NW London. 01-435 8523.

Meetings

A RADICAL AGENDA FOR LONDON. Fabian Meeting on Proposals for the GLC election. Andrew McIntosh (Labour GLC Leader), Sir Ashley Bramall, Jim Daly and others. 7.30 Wednesday 17 September. County Hall, SE1. All welcome.

ASPECTS OF POST-WAR FICTION: 12 weekly lectures, starting Tuesday 23 September, by distinguished writers and critics, arranged by the New Fiction Society in association with the University of London Department of Extra Mural Studies. Full details from NFS, Book House, 45 East Hill, Wandsworth, London SW18 2QZ, or phone 01-870 8259.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 10 Sept. 7.30 Roland Penrose discusses his work and that of fellow surrealists with John Golding; 7.30. The Record Industry — discussion with Independent & Major Record Companies. Tkts £1.00. 01-930 3647.

NO ARMS FOR CHILE Vigil at the Chilean Embassy, 9 a.m.-7 p.m. Thursday 11 September (Seventh Anniversary of the Coup). Rally at 8 p.m in Friends House, Euston Road with speakers from British and Chilean Labour Movement, and Domitila of the Bolivian Mines. Music and Poetry. Organised by Chile Solidarity Campaign, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N7.

NO CRUISE MISSILES. Demonstration Sun. 21 Sept. March 1 p.m. from Newbury. Rally 3 p.m Greenham Common. Coach from London £3. Details Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. 242 0362 (day), 485 4609 (eve.).

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

RIGHTS INFORMATION AFTERNOON: *free* pamphlets and advice in employment tenancy and welfare. Hornefields Ward Labour Party. Sat. 6 Sept. 2-5.30 p.m., Hogarth Junior School, Duke Rd., Chiswick, London W4.

THE CHRIST'S EMERGENCE proceeds apace. Our understanding and alignment serve His emergence greatly. If you can respond to this, even as a possibility, why not investigate further? Talks by Benjamin Creme from a background of the Alice Bailey Teachings with up to date information. Friends' House, Euston Road, London NW1. Thurs. 4 & 11, Wed. 24 Sept. 7 p.m. Enquiries 01-485 1739 or 935 4335. Meditation/Transmission - Questions & Answers. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY: S. a. e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Short Talk & Questions. Sun. 7 Sep., 8 p.m. 'Spiritual Evolution'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

TOWARDS A NEW WORLD SOCIETY. Public meeting organised by The Socialist Party of Great Britain. Wednesday, 10 September, 8.15 p.m. at Muswell Hill Library, Queen's Ave, London N10.

Marxism Today

Theoretical and discussion journal of the Communist Party

September issue includes:
FOCUS:
The Olympics/The Tories High Exchange Rate Policy
ARTICLES:
Goodbye To Detente?
John Cox
What Kind of Fightback?
Gordon McLennan
Thatcherism — Where Are We Now?
a roundtable discussion
A New International Economic Order — Or Disorder?
Sheila Smith
plus **DISCUSSION, REVIEWS and NOTES**

Price 50p from bookshops and by subscription from Central Books, 14 The Leathermarket, London SE1 3ER.
Inland £6.00(individuals) — £8(insts.) Overseas £8.00 (individuals) £10 (institutions)

CLASS & JUSTICE IN THE 80's
A CONFERENCE ON THE LABOUR MOVEMENT AND LAW AND ORDER

Friday 19 September — Sunday 21 September
Sheffield City Polytechnic
Collegiate Crescent Site
Speakers include:
Jimmy Reid, Andy Gamble, Tony Bunyan, Mike Fitzgerald, Paul Corrigan, Richard Kinsey, Steve Box, Dick Hebdige, and Harriet Harman (Labour Campaign for Criminal Justice)
Inclusive cost £30 (includes bed & b, all meals and Conference fees) to:
Roy Bailey (NDC), Dept of Applied Social Studies, Sheffield City Polytechnic, Pond Street, Sheffield S1 1WB.
Organised by NDC/Class and Justice Group

Appeal

Ludhiana-

in sickness and in health.

THE CHRISTIAN MEDICAL COLLEGE AND BROWN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, Ludhiana, N. India, has always emphasised keeping people healthy as well as healing the sick — all in Christ's name.

A leading training centre for doctors, nurses and paramedicals, CMC was the first college to reach out with comprehensive care and preventive medicine for 100,000 people in city and village areas. CMC trained the first post-graduate MAMS (Community Health) doctor in all India.

Annually CMC's modern Brown Memorial and satellite rural hospitals care for over 18,500 in-patients and 300,000 out-patients.

More informed prayerful supporters are needed. Will you help? If so, complete coupon and return to:— **LUDHIANA BRITISH FELLOWSHIP, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1 8UU. Tel: 01 928 1173.**

I would like:— ☐ Further information ☐ To send a gift of £.....
TICK IN APPROPRIATE BOXES

Name.....

Address.....

NS

Incorporating 'The Nation', The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Filmset by Arc Filmsetting Ltd, 44-48 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Printed by QB Ltd, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED